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280 f 2651

GIULIANO DE' MEDICI,

AND OTHER

P O E M S,

BY

E. BATTYE.

~~~~~  
I do present you, Ladies  
With a garland of wreathed flowers—some bright,  
Some sad—like life, made up of smiles and tears;  
Contemn them not; what one dislikes, some other one  
May favour—

THE DREAM OF ARCADY.

~~~~~

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN a Book is presented to the public, custom authorizes us to expect, that it should be accompanied by a prefatory explanation, stating the why and wherefore of its appearance ; accordingly, the author either endeavours to rest his claims to public attention on the simple yet solid basis of *Truth*, or, on the other hand, raises a fabric of Fiction, whereby to support them : in either case, the work depends entirely upon its own merits for any share of praise, or censure, that may be bestowed upon it ; while to gratify the caprice of *custom*, the writer's brain is often racked to produce a plausible something, for intruding the productions of his pen to the world. As little attempt as yet been made, to emancipate us from these fetters which gall the mind, I am constrained to tread in the footsteps of my predecessors ; yet, as avoiding any attempt at imposition, I shall candidly avow, that my purpose in

writing was to employ and please myself ; — but united to the *hope*, that *some* gratification might be extended to the minds of those, who, are content with humble sources of amusement, and will deign to be acquainted with the domestic intercourse of passing things ; for my writings will not be found to afford scope to imaginations, which, like Eagle's wings, delight but in soaring over the loftiest heights, and find a resting place, only amid supernal sublimities. — My path is earth, and earth-born sympathies my theme ; having introduced as little fiction into my subjects as might be consistent with poetry ; and considering that facts, particularly historical facts, are to the enlightened, more pleasing in the simplicity of their truth, than the excursive flights of poetic license, which too often mislead the understanding, and render it unfit for the *realities* of life. — In conclusion, I must beg the leniency of my readers for the poems now presented ; as by far the greater portion was written years ago, and without any idea of their being read beyond the circle of my own friends ; — but since my determination to send them into a more extended sphere, they have undergone such corrections as appeared necessary.

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GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

INTRODUCTION.

It was before the Altar of the Cathedral of Florence, during the celebration of high mass, in the year 1476, that Giuliano de' Medici was murdered, by the hand of Francesco Pazzi his disappointed rival. — His Brother Lorenzo the magnificent, was severely wounded, and narrowly escaped with life from the hands of the conspirators. — This horrible plot, no doubt, owed its strength to political motives, and jealousy of the growing power of Medici; but the true origin, if we may credit the Historians of the day, was *Love*, not Ambition. — At a Tournament given by Lorenzo, his Brother Giuliano and Francesco Pazzi, of a family which bore hereditary enmity to the Medici, were both in love with the beautiful Cammilla Caffarelli. — After a long courtship, Giuliano was the favoured lover; and not long afterwards, fell a victim to the rage of his vindictive rival, at the very Altar of God!

GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

CANTO I.

FLORENCE ! how fair thy city stands
Amid thy vine empurpled lands,
Like some bright goddess, round whose zone
An amethystine wreath is thrown !
How gently 'neath the cloudless sun
Thy Arno's glittering waters run,
Upon whose pure and peaceful breast
The mirror'd heavens seem to rest !

B

Around each place a spell is thrown,
Whilst music makes thy land its own,
Heard sweetest in the evening hour
From lattice high, or maiden's bower —
Felt deepest when harsh sounds are still,
And twilight's soft'ning powers instil
Within each breast the purer part,
And fold in bliss the list'ning heart.

Florence ! thy daughters with thee claim
Thy dower of beauty — well hath fame
Told their enchantments, and no less
The pride which wraps their loveliness ;
Yet deem we but its breathings cold,
When vision like — our eyes behold
Features and forms in which we trace
Nature's best modelings and grace,
With brows now pensive, and now bright,
As April days half shade, half light,
Lovely in each — this ray revealing,
And that as gentle twilight stealing,

Now closely veiled — now coyly seeming
To shade their eyes too fatal beaming
With silken lashes, which the rather
Impel the shafts of love still farther ;
Capricious, simple yet engaging —
A playful war with reason waging,
Weaving round the heart and brain,
A thornless wreath, a pliant chain —
Bending wisdom to their will,
Wayward — and yet gentle still ;
Such are thy daughters, Florence ! given,
To make thy land, less earth — than heaven.

The sun through morning's mist is breaking,
And folded flowers from sleep are waking,
The lark ere lost in heaven's own blue,
Shakes from its wing the diamond dew
Then soars on song-exulting way
To greet the first glad step of day.
Nature how lovely ! — earth and sky
Breathe of thy twofold harmony,

Whose hues so sweetly blend together,
That land seems part of circling ether.
Young eyes can scarcely sleep till morning,
But waken with the early dawning ;
Gay crowding thoughts, by fancy drest,
Have pilfered half each maiden's rest,
And through their dreams in blended guise
Each its own magic spell supplies,
And decks in bright or dark'ning shades
Whatever most the mind pervades.
Then who may guess what hath supplied
The dreamer's hour, — or what the tide
Of changeful and of checquer'd thought
To each fair sleeper hath been brought,
Yet must we deem one grand event —
The coming day of tournament,
Hath been the spell, which maiden's mind
Has scarce through one short sleep resigned—
The very words have import high
“*Combat des armes*” — and chivalry
For Ladies' love — the wing of fame

May well exalt the knightly game,
Whose guerdon is, to bend the knee
And plight the fond heart's fealty
At beauty's shrine — well may sweet rest
Be truant from each gentle breast,
And early daylight find them weaving
Hopes, and fears, one half deceiving ;
Each beauty wondering who will prove
The day's elected "Queen of love" ;
And when the helm's loosed bars discover
At once the hero and the lover,
Oh ! how in pride and blushing beauty
Shall she receive the kneeling duty
Of her own knight — and bid him rise
And wear for her his valour's prize,
Others less on conquest dreaming,
Shrink from the spear's too vivid gleaming,
And fear lest some unguarded chance
Unhorse their Lord — or break his lance
And prove him but a vanquished knight
Whose *brightest* deeds are *not* in fight.—

Thus pass^d the ling'ring moments by,
Till dawns the fair reality.

Noon, tho' in her summer beams,
Looks dim to yonder glowing field
Where burnished armour richly gleams,
And gold and gems their splendour yield,
Steeds in housings rarely wrought
Spurs by matchless valour bought,
Knight and dame in casque and feather,
Wealth and beauty blend together,
Glitt'ring o'er the crowded plain
Till dazzled eyeballs, seek to gain
Some scene less gorgeous where pervades
A softer hue 'mong sheltered shades.
But who can turn from such an hour
Where beauty's spell has double power —
Where Knights their Milan lances try
In honour's feats of chivalry ;
Fair in form, as proud in mood,
Mantling high in noble blood,

Look as if to them was given
Each treasure brightest under heaven.

Among those nobles there moves one,
Medici's brave and gallant son
Above whose high and crested brow ;
Is seen the white plume's graceful flow
With purple scarf enwrought in gold,
Shewing amid each silken fold
The chevalier's ancestral name,
Borne on the soaring wings of fame —
The motto on whose inlaid shield,
" For maiden's love, I dare the field "—
And she, whose lustre from afar
Shines o'er his path — a guiding star
Love's tremor owns, the while her knight
Prepares to hazard in the fight
His arm for her, lest sword, or spear,
Should scathe a form, so justly dear.
She whose rare beauty is the theme
Of minstrel's harp and poet's dream ;

Yet whose bright purity and worth
Require no aid to set them forth—
In graven characters they lie
In her full-soul'd, and gentle eye,
In looks more beautifully fair
Than ever art may hope to wear.
Low on the earth now sinks her gaze,
Her ear hath caught the lavish praise
Her form inspires, and one rich glow
Mantles her cheek, and neck of snow—
In haste she seeks the graceful aid
Of silken veil that blush to shade,
As when some wreathing vapour plays,
In blending softness, round the rays
Of summer's sun — and hence the light
Undazzling meets the gazer's sight ;
So that bright girl thus chastely shrined,
Looks as a living light refined,
Whose fair adornment seems a part
Of her own purity of heart—
A shield when wanton gaze is near,

A grace, when virtue has no fear.

And now the Herald loud proclaims
The rules of tilt, and tourney games :
“ Each Knight the contest shall sustain
“ With lance alone, till on the plain
“ On foot they meet, then spear or sword
“ In turn may equal aid afford.
“ Him, who unharmed sustains the fight,
“ The law proclaims — the victor Knight ;
“ The prize — a crimson scarf embossed
“ With gold and gems of rarest cost,
“ To him decreed who boldly dares,
“ And from the field unsullied bears
“ His knightly honour and his fame ;
“ Further — his gallant deeds shall claim
“ The proud pre-eminence to name
“ The “Queen of Love” who shall present
“ The prize of this day's Tournament.”
See! at the trumpet's thrilling sound
The bounding chargers clear the ground,

Whose riders meet the fierce advance
Of challenge made by point of lance,
Or spear reversed — the one to shew
The challenge comes from knightly foe,—
The other courteous, but to claim
A place in honour's proudest game.
Mark where the combatants unite
Spear unto spear — while some alight
On the strong helm and targe — and those
Ring the steel breast-plate with their blows.
Where yon high sable plume uprears
Above the rest, bold Pazzi bears
His graceful form in burnished vest,
With em'rald scarf athwart his breast,
White pennon floating on whose shield
The falcon soars o'er azure field,
Medici's targe receives his lance
With spears in rest — in swift advance
The lists they close — well matched in might;
See how they wage in fiercest fight —
Watch the close combat — blow on blow

Speaks the deep vengeance of a foe.
What lurking hate ! — what secret feud !
Nerves either arm — Of noble blood,
Chiefs of their country and its state,
High in its council, and debate,
Kinsmen by ties of marriage rite,
Whose bonds their chiefest powers unite —
Theirs is no chivalry, but strife
Fearful as that, when life from life
Draws the red current, and that breath
Whose gasp foretels approaching death !
But lo ! unhorsed proud Pazzi lies ;
Medici's valour yet defies
Another's spear — and quick again
Contending o'er the trophied plain,
His skill demands the loud acclaim,
Whilst triumph gathers round his name.
Thrice is he victor — and o'er those,
Who rank amid his darkest foes :
For here, upon this very field
Where wrath to courtesy might yield,

In strong and deep concentrated hate,
The bold conspirators await
To strike the blow, which may dissever
Medici's pow'r and right for ever.
But no ! not now — not here the tide
Of crimson blood shall quench the pride
Of that fair name — not now the woe
Which must succeed death's vengeful blow
Shall here be felt — malice hath still
Some darker workings to fulfil,
Ere with her fell, and fatal hand
She sweeps from off this gifted land
The scions of that noble race
Whose *crimes* are these ; — that lofty place,
And wealth, and honour, and high name
Their deeds have purchased — whilst loud fame
Still chronicles in her vast page
Their fathers' struggles, in that age
When liberty in chains was bound,
And patriot's life blood soak'd the ground —
The triumph of each mighty deed,

Though by their ancestors achieved,
Is still the brightest halo shed,
Around each young Medici's head.

Giuliano — he whose brow
Unhelmeted, is bright'ning now
With the sweet consciousness, that *one*
Hath watched his welfare, and will own
His honour stainless,— this the crown
Of his heart's glory and renown,—
With buoyant hope's elastic tread,
Unchecked by secret wrong, or dread,
He gains that balcony — where grace
And beauty, claim the fairy place.
Admiring eyes are resting now,
On his flushed cheek, and youthful brow,
Whilst many hearts have flung aside
Their chill reserve, and shrouding pride,
And one sweet stream, in kindly glow,
Is felt through every vein to flow ;
For his the form — no woman's eye.

Can pass indifferently by ;
'Tis lofty, and yet in his face
No shades of haughtiness we trace ;
A soul is seen — that ray from whence
Beauty derives intelligence.
But soul, and feelings, all seem thrown
On one sweet hope — one spell alone
Hath nerved him in each daring part,
And been the impulse to his heart.
To win the voice of *public* fame
Had been to him, no glorious aim ;
A brighter influence was found,
A gentler tie his feelings bound
And now 'mid cheers, and scarfs which wave
To greet the victor and the brave,
One face — one smile — alone he sees,
Oh love ! such are thy mysteries ;
Though others wear a beam no less
Of youth, and joy, and happiness,
Yet, to thine all too partial sight,
But one thy fancy robes in light ;

The rest recede, or but appear
As beings of some other sphere.
Oh envied hour ! the prize is placed,
With one, whose lustre would have graced
Earth's proudest throne — an eye whose ray
Turns gloom to gladness — night to day
Her feelings speak — there needs no tone,
Love hath an eloquence its own,
And this to Julian hath confest
His hopes confirmed, his vict'ry blest.
The scarf he takes, but few may hear
Camilla's words — 'tis timid fear,
And consciousness that round her stand
The pride and beauty of the land,
Whose higher rank, might well have won,
From Chivalry's accomplished son,
That high distinction, which on her
His love, his fame, his deeds confer ;
Yet those few words, so sweet, so low,
One ear hath heard, and rapture's glow
Kindles his eye, whilst to his breast

The scarf, the twice-won scarf is press'd.

The crowds disperse — the dazzling throng —
But where is he who held among
The boldest knights his high career ?
He whose strong arm, and threat'ning spear
Medici met ? — Pazzi 'tis thou !
The deep'ning shadows on whose brow
Proclaim the strife, the demon power
Which rules thee in this tempest hour —
That power, which stealthily and still
Lays the deep mine of every ill.
Medici — hath the very name
A barb, a gall-drop, in the sound ?
Doth it recall the stinging shame
When low unhorsed upon the ground
Thy might was cast, and he thy foe —
The *one*, who laid thine honour low ?
This hath its gall, — but there is still
A deadlier current, one which bends
Thine every passion to its will

And through thy brain, its poison sends;
For, it is thine, fierce lord to prove,
The jealous workings of the heart;
When triumph crowns a Rival's love,
And Reason, bids thy hope depart:
That hope—whose absence leaves the mind,
A chaos—dark, and undefined,
Whilst crowding passions thickly roll,
Their black'ning surges o'er the soul;
And thoughts have birth, which soon or late
Dissolve themselves, or, turn to *hate*.
Pazzi! what may calm thy mood,
The frenzied workings of despair?
Whose altar fires, are thickly strewed
With all that love has fed with care.
Banish the spell, for but a dream
Is love's wild, fev'rish fantasy;
Let higher aim, let nobler theme,
Enkindle what is bright in thee;
Be it forgotten, washed away
By that dark lethe of the brain,

D

Oblivion's waves, which day by day
From memory, some fragments gain.

GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

CANTO II.

THE moon is up and sailing high,
In the starred concave of the sky;
No clouds obstruct—no mists deface
The sphere of her high dwelling place—
On, on she moves, serenely still,
Shedding her ray o'er vale and hill.
In the pure light the Apennines,
Crowned by their dark coeval pines,

Relax their rigid brows, and wear
A softer outline—hue more fair.
And Camaldoli's barren wild,
(Upon whose sterile sod is piled,
Column, and arch, and altar stone—
Grey ruins of a glory gone)
Wears a more placid look the while
It meets yon moon's refulgent smile.
And bold romantic Fiesole,
With its dark firs, and tracery
Of clust'ring vines, hath on its height
A stream of soft unchequered light.
And, where the mass of moonlight falls
On lofty domes and marble walls,
Fair Pratolina's turrets claim
Their high pre-eminence of name;
Based in the deep'ning cypress shades,
How chastely bright its colonnades
Contrasted rise, and meet the sight,
In all the full and flooding light
Of heaven's blest orb!—how fair each scene!

No record showing where has been
The dread assassin—or where lurks
Treason amid her fearful works ;
Yet, 'neath this pure expanse of heaven,
Where not one darkened touch seems given,
Black vengeance broods, shunning each beam
Whose ray might fathom the deep stream
Of her own guilt—yon fretted roof,
Whose proud magnificence gives proof
Of lordly home, now shelters those
Whose factious spirits dare oppose
Each leading power, and darkly brand
The chosen Rulers of the land.

Florence has reached that fatal time,
When foul conspiracy and crime
Blacken her annals ; and the plea
Urged for each deed of treachery
Is, that the Rulers make their own,
A power but from oppression grown,
And forge with strong despotic hand,

Unbending fetters for their land ;
Casting from themselves the laws
Framed to uphold their country's cause,
Yet strenuously exacting still
A pliant bending to their will ;
Creating weal or woe to those
Who bow them to, or dare oppose
What they decree, till Freedom's voice
Hath left no liberty nor choice.—
Such are the accusations wrought
By dark and discontented thought,
In minds where anarchy and feud
Mix with the current of the blood.
At length each bold aspiring hand
Becomes the pruner of his land,
And, in revenge for freedom lost,
Aims the fell blow whate'er the cost.—
E'en now are met at Pazzi's board
The midnight bandit* and the lord—
The one with desperado hand,
Ready to work the dread command

Of higher power, whilst such displays
The subtle path of *treason's* maze.
There too by stealthy path is led
Pisa's Archbishop,^b to whose head
The badge of holiness is given—
The mitred majesty of heaven.
Where is that pure devotion now—
That holy meekness of the brow,
Which speaks the man by God designed
To light the dark cells of the mind
With truth's blest sunbeam, and to win
The wand'rer from his track of sin?
And hither by foul faction brought,
In gloomy and vindictive thought
Is Girolamo,^c in whose mind
Ambition's boldest projects find
An ample scope; like to the wing
Of fearless eagle hovering
O'er lofty heights, nor stays to see,
How soaring or how wildly free
Its course has been. Look on him now—

See how his high expanded brow
Appears the dome of brooding cares,
And all the mark of conflict wears!
By grasping avarice he claims
Forli and Imola's domains.
At his right hand, in youthful grace,
The young Riario^d holds place;
Scarce has he reached to manhood's years,
And yet within his eye appears
Thought's deep'ning cloud—but few may trace
Upon that pale patrician face
The guilty mind, the demon power
Which sways him in this evil hour.
Alas! that man should link his fate
To crimes his soul, his creed must hate—
Deeds, whose dark memory must throw
The shadows of undying woe.

Such are the midnight crew who keep
A fearful watch whilst others sleep—
Convened to plot the overthrow

Of the Medici, by such blow,
As but the ranc'rous breath of hate
Alone could basely meditate—
A plotting, dark, ambitious band,
Burning with zealous heart and hand,
To fire that torch, whose flame may be
The light to fancied liberty.

In proud distinction Pazzi claims
Silence from all—his council shames
His noble look—dark seems his mood,
As if the mem'ry of each feud
Now probed his brain, with the keen blow—
The cursed defeat—the overthrow
At the late Tournament, by *one*
Whom it were scorn to dwell upon.
Cammilla too! the peerless prize—
Won from his spear—for whom his sighs
Are daily giv'n—these thoughts intrude
And work his mind to deeds of blood.
There stands he! with consummate art

E

Weaving the texture of each part,
That, all united and agreed,
Success may crown the daring deed.
With subtle eloquence and zeal,
Making each angry bosom feel
The thirst for vengeance, 'till, unheard,
Is that still small reproving word
Which conscience breathes; but who may find
A charm, a talisman, to bind
Her louder utt'rance?—reckless crime
Still hears her, at the fearful time
Of blackened deed;—and, when the ear
Has ceased the tempest storm to fear,
Used to its terror, yet with awe,
She strikes the soul, and her's the law
From which the heart makes no appeals—
This Pazzi owns, whilst o'er him steals
The warning voice—but turns he still,
His heart to evil; and with skill
Weaves thus his links of fancied ill:
“Why should I longer track that brood

“ Through all its crimes and deeds of blood ?
“ A race upspringing from the vile—
“ The lowest refuse of our soil,
“ To blight fair Florence, and to be
“ The framers of her tyranny !
“ Have they not wrought her chains, and flung
“ Them round her neck ?—have they not stung
“ Her sons with with’ring shame—to see
“ Them spurn her true nobility ?
“ Has not their vile insatiate ‘lust
“ Strewn all our glories in the dust;
“ And on our Country mildew cast,
“ As when the Siroc’s mad’ning blast,
“ On wings of desolation roves,
“ Amid her fragrant orange groves ?
“ Do not our guiltless friends who lie
“ Within their graves, for vengeance cry—
“ For vengeance, on the heads of those
“ Who slew them for their country’s foes ?
“ Was not the Traitor Cosmo^o sent
“ Into a well earned banishment,

“ Upon his crimes and guilt to brood,
“ ‘Mid deep and desert solitude;
“ Whence he returned by intrigue vile,
“ To curse again his nis native soil;
“ And on his birthrights’ land to bring
“ Treason, and woe, and suffering?
“ He sleeps—but ah! no Patriot’s prayer
“ E’re flings its burden on the air,
“ O’er his foul dust; but there is spread
“ The wing of vengeance o’er his head
“ To him, Piero,¹ was there one
“ More fitted to be Cosmo’s son?
“ And now Lorenzo, who in scorn
“ Has closer round our Florence drawn
“ The rankling chain, and ruthless prest
“ A Tyrant’s thralldom on her breast,
“ The evils which, I now relate
“ Are public ones, ’gainst law, and state;
“ And oh; a tongue more skilled than mine,
“ In records of deep fraud and crime,
“ Must tell those private wrongs we’ve borne,

“ Those deeds of malice, heaped in scorn
“ On mine own kindred—till the name
“ Of the Medici is the bane
“ Of our existence.—Down with the race!
“ And let oblivion hide the place
“ Where they shall rest;—for whilst they live
“ They take that life, they cannot give.”

Then Girolamo, whose dark eye
Flashes with anger, makes reply;
“ Pazzi, thine inmost soul is moved—
“ Nor do I marvel—thou hast proved,
“ That though thy hate be strong, yet still
“ Bears no proportion to the ill
“ Sustained 'neath them.—Long have I seen
“ Their subtle windings, which have been
“ Like to the serpent's wily maze,
“ Whose stealthy tortuous path displays
“ The ambushed evil.—Has their aim
“ Been other than to build their name,
“ Upon that pedestal which grows

“ Out of a suffering nation's woes?
“ Where—where is Nardi? where is he,
“ That chartered friend of liberty?
“ Where is he, and that faithful band,
“ Which made the brief yet glorious stand
“ Against oppression's tide?—they fell
“ To save a land they loved too well!
“ They sleep within the rayless tomb;
“ But o'er *them* hangs a fadeless bloom
“ Of laurelled glory, which is worth
“ Far more than all the pomp of earth;
“ While freedom's voice sends forth its breath,
“ E'en from the silent realms of death,
“ To fire each heart and nerve each hand
“ Of those who form our patriot band.
“ Heaven is for us, and its power
“ Will shield us in th' eventful hour;
“ The holy Father^h hath decreed
“ *His* benediction on the deed.
“ And oh! posterity will feel
“ And bless the hand which works the weal

“ Of their dear country; whilst each tongue

“ Shall weave our actions in its song.

“ What sayest thou, Riario?

“ Methinks, upon thy youthful brow

“ A cold distrust seems gath'ring now.

“ My friends, I've heard you, and in part

“ Approve your counsel—for my heart

“ Leaps into madness at the thought,

“ That power has been so basely bought—

“ It rankles o'er each crime you've shewn—

“ Deeds of omission and things done,

“ And fearlessly responds the cry,

“ Let the usurping tyrant die!

“ But through my breast a voice will steal—

“ 'Tis *Mercy* making sweet appeal:

“ Let not the guiltless bosom feel

“ Our vengeful stab—our acts would be

“ Recorded but with infamy,

“ Should our too thirsty daggers take

“ The life of *him* whose blood would make

- “ Our very weapons blush to know
“ The stream was pure which dyed it so.
“ My friends, I hereby speak of one—
“ Piero's proud, yet guiltless son—
“ Giuliano ! remains not he
“ Still the true friend of liberty ?
“ He weaves no shackles, and his breath
“ Issues no mandates forth of death.
“ Oh spare *his* life ; from early years
“ I've known him, and no stain appears
“ Upon his actions—true he is proud,
“ As yet no humbling strokes have bowed
“ His lofty soul ; but where is he
“ With wealth and power who would not be
“ His very equal ?—is there one
“ Who breathes around us has not done
“ Whate'er he could to place his name
“ High on the soaring wing of fame ?
“ True, I have joined you, but indeed
“ My thoughts recoil from this foul deed.

Salvati speaks, from whom no word
Has yet proceeded—he has heard
With changeless features, stern and cold,
The wrongs each angry tongue has told.
Observe him well—his wary eye
Speaks doubt, and thought, and subtlety.
“Riario, thou’rt young in years,
“And in *these* Mercy well appears;
“But know, my son, these men have grown
“Vilely obnoxious, and have shown
“A spirit, that or soon or late,
“Will burden and o’erwhelm the State.
“This must not be—it is our aim
“To save our country and her fame,
“And make her sons spurn each control
“That would debase and sink the soul.
“Were we to listen to Thy prayer,
“And yielding to it, weakly spare
“This haughty scion—would not he
“Revenge five-fold the treachery

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" Shown to his Brother?—this would throw
" Another sorrow to the woe
" Fair Florence suffers; this once, young man,
" Your council must not move our plan.
" Let your more youthful mind be led
" By older years, by one whose head
" Is sacred from the crown it wears;
" Yet in this noble struggle dares
" To give its voice—'tis a debate
" Involving safety, glory, state,
" Honour and power—each claim which draws
" A patriot's heart to freedom's cause.
" Yes, let us struggle to be free,
" And thrill the sounds of liberty!"

Behold the Pazzi! how each thought
Is in his working features wrought—
Hate, doubt, and keen anxiety
Wildly appear—he makes reply:
" Most Rev'rend Father, much we owe
" To thy sage counsel;—should our blow

- " Be so far tempered as to spare
" Giuliano?—should we e'er
" See our oppressed, chained country free,
" Spurning our goads of tyranny?
" Look on the past—the glory won
" By Brutus and Timoleon!
" Did not they earn sweet liberty
" For Rome and Corinth, and make free
" Her best and bravest?—had their hand
" Shrunk from the dagger, then their land
" Had groaned in bonds. 'Tis Justice draws
" Our aid in this most sacred cause.
" My friends, in this be all agreed,
" And glory *must* surround each deed.
" Patriots alike in life and death—
" Yielding but with yielding breath!
" Once more we'll meet, and council how,
" And when, we shall our works avow—
" Till then, my noble friends, farewell;
" The saints preserve, and shield us well!"

GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

CANTO III.

GIULIANO, 'tis the hour,
When, fair Cammilla in her bow'r
Awaits thy coming; she has heard
The vesper hymn of summer's bird,
And, from the gondolier's far boat,
The breeze has brought each distant note
Sweetly melodious, yet still,
These, these are not the sounds which thrill

Her bosom's harp,—its chords are stirred
By one sweet, fond, half-uttered word,
Scarce audible—oh love! thy theme
Is as some bright enchanted dream;
A charm, a talisman, whose fame
Lies in the magic of thy name.
All potent power! e'en beauty's eyes,
Receive a lustre from thy sighs;
And, to the roses on her cheek,
Thou giv'st the rich and brightest streak.
Imperial painter! who may bring
Pictures to match thy colouring?
And yet, not aye dost thou diffuse
The sunbeams' glow, and rose-blush hues;
Else, would thy works' excess of light
Pall on the gazer's aching sight:
Thy matchless art is best displayed
In tempering thy light with shade:
E'en now, yon maiden's cheek so fair,
Looks still more lovely, for the care
And pensive sadness stealing there.

And this, thy chief consummate part,
The very climax of thine art—
Sorrow with gladness, cloud with sun,
Tempers the portrait—and 'tis done.

Why turns Cammilla's cheek so pale?
Hath the soft evening's wooing gale
Stole the carnation, which e'en now
Scarce spared her pure and matchless brow?
Why springs her footstep from the ground
With a less light, elastic bound?
Hath not her vesper-star to night
Risen, to bless her anxious sight?
And does she mourn its absent light?
Is it erratic—and does she
Dream but of man's fidelity!
Wake, trusting fond one, from thy dream,
'Tis but a false, a meteor gleam,
Which soon must pass;—and yet, fair girl,
Who that shall claim thy heart's rich pearl,

Its youthful love, will ever dare
To crush a gem, so pure, so rare?
Not he who plights his vows to thee,
His is no part of treachery—
And yet o'er thy young joys' repose
Shall break life's heritage of woes;
And thou shalt weep, to find distress
So tracks the foot of happiness:
Existence, yet hath been to thee
A sweet spring day, of melody;
Thy bark, hath only swept along
The sunshine track, of bliss and song.
Alas! young thing, e'en now thine eye
Glows with the deep intensity
Of burning thought;—and yet thou'rt pale,
The very foldings of thy veil
Have scarce less hue;—go, seek thy rest,
Where every care which has oppress'd
And made thy gentle heart to weep,
May be dissolved, in soothing sleep.

That silken couch has scarce been press'd,
The sorrowful hath found no rest ;
Else, why 'ere morning's sun has rolled
His beams of radiating gold
On dusky earth, has yon sad maid
Uprose, and sought the cypress shade,
Whose drooping branches seem to keep
A sympathy with such as weep ;
Unhappy girl ! night's fevered reign
Still presses on her burning brain :
The fearful dream, the visioned woe,
The aching heart's resistless flow
Of rising tears, the thoughts which bind
A chain of horrors o'er her mind,
All, to the timid maid disclose,
A coming cloud of heavy woes.

The matin bird, on joyful wings,
His untaught hymn of gladness sings,
And strains his small, melodious throat,
With gratitude's untiring note.

Cammilla has *thy* bosom given,
Its early orisons to heaven?
Has there gone forth on morning's air
The strong, and supplicating prayer
Which grief prefers—else, where *thy* stay,
Thy staff, in sorrow's troubled day?
Look on her hopelessness, her eye
Is wildly fixed on vacancy;
Alas! there rises to her sight
Again, the vision of the night,
The dagger and uplifted hand—
The Lover's form—the ruffian band—
The shriek for mercy, and the groan,
Which tells the ruthless deed is done!
Intense her feelings; and the press
Of deep unuttered wretchedness,
Has dried the tearful springs, whose flow
Softens the agony of woe.
Deeply afflicted one, thine heart
Makes of its fearfulness, a part

Of its believings; look on the earth [birth,
What bright things, from deep gloom have
Keen winds, and tempests, and thick gloom
Have been around them,—yet they bloom
Brightly as those, which yet may spring
When summer's radiance shall fling
Her spell of joy—that is not woe,
Which oft to us, appeareth so;
The shadows of our minds dispense,
Sometimes, a gloomy influence;
Which, as a mildew's blight, destroys
The Eden of life's purest joys.
Throw off the spell, nor longer wear
That look of deep desponding care:
To-morrow's sun, may woo, and bless,
And thou be rich in happiness;
Thus hope will speak, and should she cease,
Who then could sweetly whisper *peace*?

How very pure the summer's morn,
When nature's fragrant gems are born,

And bless each sense—till thoughts divine
Make of the human breast a shrine
For sweetest worship; and the song—
The heart's glad hymn, is borne along,
On seraphs' wings of joy and love,
To the all glorious realm above.
Now breaks on the yet youthful day,
The world's wild hum, and voices stray,
To solitudes, whose depths should be,
Sacred to nature's harmony.
Footsteps are near—the tread is slow,
As weight of years, or weight of woe
Pressed on life's springs; but yon fair forms
Seem yet unscathed—no warring storms
Of age, or grief have marred the brow
Of those who stealthily seek now
The wood's deep shelter, where is thrown
A solemn shade, as suits the lone
Calm sanctuaries, which nature owns
Amid her vast and varied zones,

For her blest tabernacles—where
The purest Devotees repair,
To bless and praise her, and to pay
The heart's full gratitude. Yet, they
Now wandering forth, seem not to feel
The blessings which around them steal,
Of life and loveliness—deep thought
Has o'er their manly features wrought
A haggard look—Riario!
And Pazzi!—yes, tis even so;—
The twain who through the solitude
Of Vallambrosa's sacred wood,
In low and earnest converse stray,
E'er morn scarce folds her mantle grey,
Or from the Ilex graceful spray
The dew's are dried.—Strong and more loud
The voices come—where is the shroud
Of secrecy, so late displayed,
When seeking Vallombrosa's shade?

In vain, in vain, Riario,
Thy pleadings for Francisco's foe;
He knows not how to stem the tide
Of burning hate, of quenchless pride;
This hallow'd, early hour has given
To him no *soft'ning* pow'r from heaven.
Through his strong pulses, rankle still
The poisoned barb,—the dream of ill;
He knows not mercy—'tis a strain
Woos his cold ear, and woos in vain.
They part, and ah! their hands' strong grasp
Far more than speaks a friendly clasp;
Is it some compact dark, to be
Sealed by the blood of treachery,
Whose streaming fount, may stain the sod,
Where prostrate beings seek their God?
Religion, should thy sacred hour,
(When *His* all omnipresent pow'r
Doth consecrate the very air,)
Be deemed a fitting time to share

In mortals' *strife*, when life and death
Hold warfare,—and the gasping breath
Is spent in groans?—such sacrifice
Thy Temples claim not;—and the dyes
Of purple gore, but ill beseem
Thy altar's purity, where gleam
The costly gifts!—vast treasures brought
From far, that by their worth be wrought
Good to the giver, and the prayer
Of midnight masses mount the air
For their soul's weal—What wealth may buy
The murd'rer's peace? an argosy
From Ind's rich mines would fail to win
Redemption for his blackened sin,
Repentant tears may wash the stain
From his dark soul, and not in vain—
An expiation daily made
In pray'rs and fastings;—but 'tis said,
Through *ME* salvation ye receive—
Have hope, be steadfast, and believe.
Here, then, is ransom—free—unsought;
By gifts, nor purchased masses, wrought.

Florence! within thy holy pile
Incense ascends;—and the dim aisle
Is lit with tapers!—the demand
Of rites and forms—subduing—grand;
Yet, oh; too wildering, to lead
The soul to prayer. Religion's creed
Is simple, and its forms but these
The suppliant hands—the bended knees.
Yet, who that contemplates thy shrine
Feels not that *here*, the rays divine
Of inward holiness may flow?—
That soft and blended light, whose glow
Streams on thine altars,—and the shades,
Where rise Ionic colonnades,
Inspire the heart with feelings deep,
As if each darker thought t'would steep
In purest joy;—thy lofty dome^k
To gaze on which, pilgrims have come
From distant lands.—Beneath thy stones
Repose the now *half sainted* bones

Of thy great poets.¹—His, too,² whose mind
Framed thy magnificence, and shrined
His fame for ever.—Whilst the eye
Rests on thy glories, we descry
The mighty genius of that age,³
Which oft in history's frail page
Is miscalled *dark*; and this thy pile,
Raised when barbarians ruled the soil
Of Italy,—yet whilst we see
Fabrics upreared in majesty,
With domes and portals, whose vast fame
Made One⁴ with rapture's voice exclaim,
“The gates of Paradise”—we deem
The piles of our *bright* ages seem
In sorry contrast—whilst they show
That what is noble, *that* they owe
To imitation—but no more
Of this digression; pass we o'er
Those linking thoughts, which would unite
Past with the present. Lo! a sight

Of moving grandeur meets the gaze —
As each in his own rank displays
Glory and greatness — 'Tis the hour
For prayer and worship ; — and the pow'r
Of *faith* is manifest, and binds
The reason of mens' gifted minds
In thralldom's chain — a faith whose reed
Must prove a broken staff in need :
For oh ! what sustenance and aid
Do they receive, whose prayers are made
To Saints and Patrons ? — can *their* grace
Cleanse from the soul each darkened trace ?
The rites commence, and lowly bend
Rank of all orders — foe and friend,
Noble and peasant — they, whose heart
Religion sways — and they, whose part
Is worldly still ; — and now should cease
Each jarring sound, whilst sacred peace
Tempers each frame, and all agree
To raise the strain of harmony.

Mark where the silver cross on high
Is borne in solemn majesty,
Before yon Priest — the sacred sign
Of Romish Church, and type divine
Of suff'ring *Love* — list to the strain
Wooring our ear, and not in vain.
Our hearts the solemn *Gloria* raise,
And mingle with the hymn of praise ;
Cold difference of sect gives way,
And all the feelings blend to pray.
The *Host* they raise — but hark that shriek !
Again — what means it ? — speak, oh, speak !
My God ! it is the fearful cry
Of man, in death's strong agony !
See ! See ! the people rush to where
The two Medici knelt in prayer ;
Hear ye the deep and deathlike groan,
And see where human gore hath flown ?
From whom ? — from whence the crimson tide ?
And where the ruthless homicide ?

Who passes ? — who, with looks aghast,
As if some flashing light'ning's blast
Had quailed his soul ? — perchance 'tis one
Whose spirit shrieks to look upon
A murd'rous deed ; — 'tis *Pazzi's* form,
Whose dagger's blade is reeking warm
With his revenge. — On ! on pursue, —
Let vengeance give his crimes their due —
Let not his lawless footsteps gain
Some sacred temple, whose blest fane
May shelter him — secure each gate,
For foes in brooding malice wait
The tidings of this hour to know,
And how hath sped the bloody blow.
Alas ! — Giuliano well,
Thy breast's deep gash the fate can tell ; —
Sad victim of a demon foe,
Whom malice worked, to lay thee low !
And not alone ; — Lorenzo's life
Was basely sought, — had not the knife
His arm repelled, he too had been
A victim in this fearful scene.

Thou diest ! but ! there yet will be
Revenge dealt back for treachery.
Too late the warning strongly given
From love's own heart—that voice from heaven,
Cammillas dream ! her fear for thee —
Her strong, unconquered agony
Was all revealed ; alas ! — that so
Reality should crown her woe.—
Thou didst not deem that *seeming* friend^p
Who would thy every step attend,
But sought by specious show of love,
And wily statagem, to prove
If, 'neath thy gold and broidered vest,
Suspicion's armour mail'd thy breast
Ourselves confiding, can we deem
Our friends are other than they seem ?
Distrust may whisper still the heart ; —
Joys to display its nobler part ;
And thou, for this return of good,
Has paid the ransom with thy blood —
Victim of hate, for this day's woe,
How much of noble blood shall flow !

Pisa's proud Prelate yet shall be
A mark for scorn and obloquy ;
And Pazzi too shall swell the rolls
Of those, whose unannealed souls
" Pass from this earth without their fame,"
A murd'rer's guilt upon their name.
For thee Riario ! thy years,
Thy virtues' struggles, and thy fears,
Thy wish to slay not, and thy prayer,
That the conspirators would spare
Thy youthful friend — these, these may win
A pardon for thy counselled sin.
And oh Lorenzo ! in the hour
Of retribution, let thy power
Be tempered with the gentle vein
Which springs from mercy — let no stain
Rest on thy actions — he who sleeps
Shall have the tear which pity weeps ;
And this shall more embalm his name
Than blood shed for him ; and his fame

Shall make a temple, where so'er
His love was prized, his life was dear.
And thou, Cammilla, — whose sweet voice
Shall speak thee peace, what tones rejoice
Thy breaking heart? — but *One* can make
Thy bosom's peace, and from it take
Thy arrowed grief; — then, on *His* power
Rely in sorrow's darkest hour,
And once again thy soul shall be
A shrine for blest tranquility.—

NOTES.

NOTE A.—Bernado Bandini of a troop of Banditti undertook to kill Giuliano (or as he is called in English Julian).

NOTE B.—Francisco Salviati, whom the Pope had named Bishop of Pisa ; but the Medici had refused to let him take possession of his See.

NOTE C.—Girolamo Riario, nephew of Sixtus iv, Lord of Imola and Forli.

NOTE D. — Raffaello Riario, grand nephew of Sixtus, a young man of eighteen years, whom the Pope had just made a Cardinal.

NOTE E. — Cosmo de' Medici in 1435, and his friends, were exiled by the influence of the Albizzi — exactly a year after he was recalled, and Rinaldo Albizzi with his party banished. On the tomb of Cosmo the title of "Father of his Country" was inscribed by the Signoria.

NOTE F.—Piero de' Medici succeeded Cosmo, then forty-eight years of age ; he was undistinguished by intellect, or force of character.

NOTE G. — Bernardo Nardi a Florentine Citizen, who had been exiled from his Country in the time of Piero de' Medici ; after his return, he called the people to join him, and fight for liberty ! — he succeeded in making himself master of the town of Prato ; — he was shortly after made prisoner, led to Florence, and there beheaded, with six of his accomplices ; twelve others were hanged at Prato.—

NOTE H. — Pope Sixtus iv, who finally promised all the pontifical forces to second this conspiracy.

NOTE I. — Almost all the foreign Churches are more or less ornamented by gifts, not unfrequently the saints are decorated with jewels, gold, &c.

NOTE J. — The customs of the Roman Catholic religion at particular festivals.

NOTE K. — The principal distinctions and greatest glory of the Cathedral is its dome reared by Brunnelleschi of whom Michael Angelo said it was difficult to imitate, and *impossible* to excel.—The history of the Edifice is revealed in the inscription.

*Tal sopra sasso sasso
Di giro in giro eternamente io strussi,
Che così passo passo
Alto girando al ceil mi ricondussi.*

NOTE L. M. — To this historical embellishment we may add the additional lustre which this Cathedral derives from the persons who repose under its pavement; among these are the well known names of Brunelleschi, Giotto, and Marsilius Ficinus, a picture only records the memory of Dante.

NOTE N. — The Cathedral was commenced by Lapo, in the year 1298, at a time when Italy is generally represented as enveloped in all the gloom and ignorance of barbarism. It is here, where a Greek Emperor, surrounded by the patriarchs of the Greek Church, sat enthroned next to the Roman Pontiff and his prelates, and the two most numerous, and most ancient communions of the christian body, were united for the last time in the bonds of faith and charity.

NOTE O. — Michael Angelo.

NOTE P. — One of the Assassins hastened to meet Giuliano who was late in attending service and on meeting, embraced him with every shew of love and friendship, to obtain the satisfaction of knowing if Giuliano was armed.

For those who may be interested as to the fate of the conspirators, I add that the Archbishop with his brother were hung from the windows of the palace, the former in his robes — Cardinal Riario protested innocence, but his countenance never recovered its proper complexion — Bandini found his way to Constantinople, yet instead of obtaining shelter, he was sent back to Florence.

CARACTACUS.

**WARRIORS ! and where are Warriors found
If not on martial Britain's ground ?**

SIR W. SCOTT.

**PRIDE of the sea ! thou English isle —
Home of the brave ! — and beauty's smile —
Land of the free — and those who come
Wanderers from their troubled home —
Thy shield is ocean's stubborn breast,
Whose billows guard thy sacred rest ;**

Whilst countless vessels leave thy shores,
With England's blessings and her stores,
And swelling canvass bold and free,
To track the wild waves of the sea.
Vessels manned by hearts which feel
A patriot's glow for Britain's weal ;
Whilst through thy land from sire to son
The blood of chivalry hath run.
The nation's king, the hamlet's swain,
Have felt alike th' infecting vein,
And battled well in thickest fight
For England's freedom and her right.
Britain has sent her thousands forth —
The plaided chieftains of the North —
Scotia's clans, whose stalwart frames
Might well uphold her heroes' names —
Hibernia's noblest, warmest, best,
Have boldly stood the battle test —
And Wales—whose bards inspired by heav'n
Their dearest, proudest, strains have giv'n,
To lead each hardy mountain son

In paths where glory might be won —
Brave men ! whose mighty deeds have cast
A halo round the darken'd past,
And flung on time's far distant age
A golden annal to her page —
Still do our bosoms nobly swell,
When to our sons we proudly tell,
How tyrants bow'd beneath the stroke,
When Roman leaders sought to yoke
Britannia's freedom, and to place
Their standard o'er our freeborn race.

My vision expands, a dim misty shroud
Hath waned from mine eyes as a morning cloud ;
Dark deeds that have past, and things which
have been,
Come back on my sight like a wild'ring dream—
Strange sounds assail my list'ning ear,
The rush of a mighty host seems near !
I see in the distance an armed mass,
Threading each hill, and mountain pass,

They come ! they come ! Rome's haughty bird
Is borne on the banners high ;
The clang of her chargers' hoofs is heard,
And tramp of Infantry.
They come ! they come ! with spear and pike,
With lance and sword in hand ;
They come, at our nation's peace to strike,
Through the hearts of her gallant band.
How look ye now, brave Silures .
Do ye quail at the martial sight ?
Or boldly meet the charge of these
Who trample on your right ?

What mean those strains on the ear of night,
And the glim'ring torches fitful light ?
Mid the darken'd groves wild forms I trace
Like Druids round their altar place.
Woman is there
With streaming air
And bosom bare.

They chant, they wail—the Bard's wild strain
Tells the acts of the mighty slain,
Around each cromlech's sacred stone
Strange vows are made ! and deeds are done.

Wild mystic sight !

'Tis the eve of fight !

Each Druid rite,

Propitious to their hallowed cause

Is practised now — mysterious laws !

And worse than vain, each art they try

To pierce man's hidden destiny.

Who walks yon height in this hour of gloom ?

Some warrior's shade from the rayless tomb,

Rous'd from his silent sleep below

To muse on the morrow's hour of woe ?

He breathes — he moves — he raises high

His sinewy arms, as if to try

Their mighty strength — no 'tis some vow

Which leaves his parted lips e'en now

'Tis he ! — the brave Silurian King !

Whose deeds of arms our minstrels sing —
Caractacus ! of whose great name
Rome's distant hills had heard the fame,
And sent her legions file on file,
To fling their chains o'er Britain's isle.
Nine years he braved his country's foe,
Her offsprings saved from worse than woe,
Fired the tried courage of his band,
And stood the hero of his land.
Behold him now — his martial frame
Might well the chieftain's soul proclaim,
His firm knit limbs of giant mould
Swell from the tunic's circling fold ;
And many a deep indented scar
Proclaims his course in fiercest war,
While each becomes in hours of rest
A star of honour to his breast.
How like a sculptured statue fixed
He stands, with pride and courage mixed
On his stern brow — the while his eyes
Rest where proud Rome's encampment lies—

A fair, yet fearful armament,—
Pennon and banner, spear and tent,
War horse and warrior, dense are seen
As leaves upon the forest green ;
And where yon ensign waves on high
The bold invader's cohorts lie,
Whilst on the right and left of these
Are ranked the dark auxiliaries.

“ How shall our battle-axe and bow

“ Repel so strong so armed a foe ?

“ Hearts we have, and hands to dare

“ Soldiers whom blows, nor peril spare,

“ Whose courage like a tempered shield

“ Echoes the stroke, but scorns to yield—

“ The gods, who see our cause is right

“ Will they not aid our arm in fight,

“ And keep our island offspring free

“ From shackles and from slavery ? ”

The morning is breaking thro' shadow and cloud,
The mountains are gleaming thro' mist and thro'
shroud,
The sun hath arisen in gladness to throw
His blessing and light on all breathing below.
Thy heights are unsullied wild Caer Caradoc !
Too soon to be furrowed, by battle's fierce shock,
And who that now looks on thy waters Oh Teme !
Will think that life's current shall crimson its
stream ;
For the morn tho' so lovely hath marshall'd the
hour,
When Britons must bow to the leaguering pow'r.

E'en now they brandish spear and sword
And wait but for the signal word ;
And flying 'mid yon helmless band
Caractacus, with lifted hand
Leads on his troops, exhorts, inflames,
Reminds of those ancestral names,
Whose owners chas'd from Albion's shore

The foe who Roman ensign bore ;
And by each brave and warlike deed
From foreign yoke their country freed.
“ And *we* too, from this very hour
“ Must date our *bondage* or our *power*.’
Hark to the loud and wild acclaim,
The soldiers shout their chieftain’s name ;
And with an oath which suits the brave,
Each vows to die — ’ere live a *slave* !

Now Romans rush with shout and yell,
Making each cavern, rock, and dell,
Of their fierce onset loudly tell,
Nor foe, nor missile fearing ;
River, and rocks by nature set,
Rampart, and hill, and parapet,
Posts, where a thousand warriors met,
Alike with courage clearing.
On, on they rush — shields interlaced —
Testudos’ form, above them placed,
The Britons’ darts now fearless faced,
With dauntless bravery.

They gain *Caer Caradoc's* bold height—

“Soldiers surrender *not*, but fight,”

“A traitor he who thinks of flight”

“’Tis death or slavery.”

In vain, in vain — the battle goes

Triumphantly to Britain's foes,

And cowards leave the field to those

Who quarter take nor yield ;

Down with the chieftains boasted force,

Down with each war car, man and horse,

And like a river's rushing force

The victor takes the field ;

And where is he—the vanquished one ?

Caractacus ! Britannia's son —

How brooks he now the vict'ry won

By Romans hated corps ?

A *Captive* to his country's foe —

Bow'd by one fierce and adverse blow,

“God of my fathers' strike me low

“And be my name no more.”

Upon a rock, which frowning stood
Towering o'er the ocean's flood,
A bard is sitting chill and pale,
His long beard streaming in the gale;
With vestment loose and snowy white,
Seeming a spirit of the night,
In silence watching by some grave —
The sleepless guardian of the brave.
Bending lightly o'er his lyre,
Enwrapt in music's sacred fire,
His fingers wildly sweep the strings,
And thus in plaintive notes he sings.

Star of my country! too soon thou hast vanish'd—
The shadow of sorrow shall darken each brow;
Son of the warrior! fallen and banished —
Where, desolate isle, is thy champion now?

The eagle of Rome is triumphantly screaming,
As exulting she wings over mountain and plain;

Mid the groves of our gods the lances are gleaming,
While the coronach sounds for the souls of the
slain.

I see a wing'd ship like a bird of the ocean,
Bearing the hopes of my country away ;
Ye gods ! in my breast what conflicting emotion !
Oh would I had died ere I witnessed this day.

What lance flew so swift as his to the foe,
Or pierced the bold heart that braved his
career ?

What sword blade was keener ? what sinewy bow
Told fearful as his that a Briton was near ?

Sound deeper my harp—sound deeper and shrill,
Let the notes of Cormonah, be brought to his
ear —

Speak loud as the tempest—aye louder, until
He hears his own minstrel lamenting him here.

**Oh, woe to thee traitress ! thou proud Cartis-
mande !**

**May the " joy of the shell " never flow in thy
hall —**

**Betrayer of chiefs !—the deep curse of thy land
At the sound of thy name, like a mildew shall
fall.**

**And woe to thee Roman ! — for vengeance will
come —**

**Thy legions be blasted by liberty's breath ;
Thy empire be broken—and palace and dome
Lie desert and drear as the mansions of
death.**

**The moon is bright on Tiber's stream,
Whilst deep'ning shadows softly fall ;
And silence reigns, like voiceless dream
O'er Forum, and o'er Capitol.**

Say, Cartismandua — is thy sleep
As peaceful as the rivers flow ?
Doth conscience rest, and round thee keep
That calm which guiltless bosoms know ?

Caractacus, thy victim now,
Though breathing Rome's enslaving air,
A lightness feels upon his brow,
Which *thine* may never hope to wear.
The triumph of to-morrow's day
Thou hast encreased—but glory not,
Its splendour cannot wash away
From thy fierce name its darken'd blot.
Night has withdrawn her dusky wing—
Earth feels again the living ray ;—
The flowers their freshest odours fling
To scent the dewy steps of day.
Within thy walls, Oh Rome ! is found,
A different greeting for the morn ;
The clarion's blast — the trumpet's sound
Commingling with the echoing horn.

Along each wide imperial street,
What thousands throng ! what eager feet
Like ocean billows gathering fast—
When will the deep'ning crowd be past ?
Soldier and knight with sword and lance
Rushing on their steeds advance—
Priests of each order — armed men—
Grave senator and citizen—
All gath'ring in one lengthen'd train,
As river sweeping to the main.
What may it be — some sacred rite ?
Or do the circus games invite,
So much renowned for featly skill ?
Or does the vast arena fill,
Where man and beast in bloody strife
Contend for victory and life ?
No ! yon procession moving slow
Bespeaks no idle festival—
Those banners waving to and fro
Of nobler actions tell.
The capitol has opened wide

Her heavy gate—and yonder tide
Of human beings rush to see
How Roman fetters suit the free.
Free ! for no earthly chain can bind,
Or fling one fetter o'er the mind :
Thus feels yon Captive — tho' in chains,
“ In ruin great,” his soul disdains
To crouch or fear — erect and proud,
He looks the glory of the crowd.
Triumphal day ! when laurel bough
Adorns the Emperor's sacred brow ;
And arms, and harness, chains of gold,
The victor's deeds and spoil unfold :
So gorgeous looks yon glitt'ring sight,
That eyes seem doubtful if aright
The vastness of the wealth they see,
Be fair, and proud reality.
With falt'ring step and features fair,
Pale shrinking from each gazer's eye,
Whose only veil — her streaming hair,
Wild as her voiceless agony,

Thy wife, Caractacus, now stands
Amid the spoil of conquered lands!
She, and thy trembling daughter share
Thy fatal hour — and this thy care
Thy deepest grief — that *they* should be
Slaves to a Roman's tyranny.
The Captive speaks his eyes and brow
Bode what his fearless lips avow —

“ Shall I, a Prince whose martial sway
“ Has kept for years each foe at bay,
“ Crouch at the foot of Rome, whose aim
“ Is to subdue the world's domain?—
“ A Prince, whose veins' free current springs
“ Pure as the purple fount of Kings?
“ Riches I had, men brave as free,
“ Horses and arms — all which might be
“ A Soldier's wealth — no wonder then
“ I roused the courage of my men,
“ And fought to keep, as well I might,
“ My country's freedom and her right.

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" Had not ambition fired each vein,
" Rome had not seen me in her train,
" A thing to gaze at, but a guest,
" With friendship glowing in my breast.
" Had I not braved your warlike power,
" Where then your triumph of this hour ?
" Yours is the conquest — take your meed—
" *If* vengeance execute the deed,
" The scene of blood will wash away
" All glory from this fatal day.
" Reverse the doom — my name shall be
" A word for Roman clemency."—
He ceased — and not one look defined
That hope, or fear enslaved his mind.

A rumour ran, and every eye
Was turned on Claudius for reply —
Who 'mid the high tribunal placed
Looked proudly on the scene he graced.
He slowly cast his eyes around,
Where scarce was heard the breath's low sound,

And thus addressed th' assembled throng : —

“ To *us* the spoils of war belong —

“ *Ours* is the triumph — but a stain

“ Would rest upon your Emperor's name,

“ Were he to doom a foe so brave

“ To forfeit *life* — or *live* a slave.

“ What ho ! my guards, strike off each galling
chain,

“ And give our captive to his home again ;

“ And be his wife and daughter freed,

“ That woman's voice may bless our deed—

“ Nay, thank me not—'tis thine, brave, Prince
to show

“ How ~~man~~ should bear him in his hour of woe—

“ Go, tell thy people, that e'en *Claudius* knows

“ How in his conquest to reward his foes ;

“ And may this act of mercy claim

“ A blessing for our dreaded name,

“ Till Briton's sons be brought to blend

“ A *Roman* with the name of *friend* ! ”

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

COME forth my Ishmael !

Thy father's roof no longer may be thine ;
Another plant hath in these latter years
Sprung from the parent stem, and thou my boy,
My child of bondage, may not with Sarah's
Freeborn son claim home or heritage, or
Love, or kin—thy tents, young wanderer, must
Not be pitched 'midst peaceful plains, but where the
Wild man's track lies thro' the desert's waste :

Thy hand 'gainst ev'ry man, and each man's hand
(For so the angel spake it) against thine.

This is th' immutable decree of him,

Who, when thy mother fled from Sarah's face,

Found her in the drear wilderness alone,

Mingling her briny tears in the calm flow

Of the hot desert's blessed fount.— Alas !

My child, we are cast forth—Egyptian blood

(Which, like the Nile's strong rushing wave, in thy

Young veins flows with resistless force) excites

Thee to those daring deeds, as all unfits

Thee for the home where Isaac dwells ; e'en now

Thy fair cheek's beauty glows with this fev'rish

Stream, albeit thy good father loves thee,

And in his heart holds deepest sorrow, that

Thou estranged from home, and hearth, must
henceforth

Stray, far from his dwelling and paternal eye.

Yet hath the voice of Sarah's murmur met

His ear and wrought us woe ; she, whose bosom

Like mine own hath nourished an only son,

She, who hath felt the thrilling rapture of
A child's caress, hath rear'd it, and hath known
The speechless love a mother bears her boy,
Hath hourly seen that being's helplessness,
Its need of sustenance and care — and how,
As some young fragile plant, its little head
Will droop, if lacking but for brief space home's
Bless'd and soothing cares—yes, she hath felt all
This, this mother's love and yet on thee, turns
She no eye of pity, nor from her store
Fills she the srip with food ; unmindful where
Thy tender foot finds rest, or thy young body
Nourishment. Not so thy father Abraham—
He, from the well of waters hath supplied
This cruise for thee and me—he too hath giv'n
Bread that we may eat and faint not by the way.
Thy lips, my boy, shall bless him—from out the
Wilderness thy voice shall praise him. Speed thee,
My child, the bright sun glows with rays intense—
Come ! we will seek us out some shady place,
Where sheltered from the noon-day heat we may

Repose our wearied limbs. See ! we have reached
The wilderness of Beersheba, whose deep
And arid sands our feet must tread—how blest
Were we, could the pure verdure of glad
Gerar's plains now meet our sight, t'would to our
Aching eyes give sweet relief ! Yet such bright
Gems, deck not these dreary wastes—hot breaths
which

Parch the herb, and tempest winds, pass o'er these
Fearful wilds — the well-springs, which make
glad thy

Father's land, are here but scant, and oft times
Bitter. Yet droop not thus, my Ishmael,
Thy mother's hand will hold and guide thee on—
She too will seek for thee the coolest place,
Where thou may'st take thy rest — yon green
shrubs which

O'ergrow yon whiten'd stones, invite our steps.
Alas ! e'en now thy soul is faint within thee,
And the drain'd cruise, hath not one drop where-
with

To moisten thy parched lips—thy head is drooping,

And thine eye grows dim—I cannot, will not
See thee die—my heart hath but one happiness,
One bud of hope, one fair fresh oasis
Amid its waste of woe—thou art that hope,
That sunbeam, which doth gild its darken'd void.
Live! Live! my child—oh that the vigour of
My frame might be infused in thine—look up
My Ishmael! lisp but thy parent's name
Tho' faint and sorrowful and low it be—
Give but thy soul's sad utterance way! one word
Will music make for my wrung heart—Alas!
Alas! thou canst not—then, oh fare thee well,
I will away nor see thee die.

Sunk on the earth in deepest prayer,
The weeping Hagar lifts her strain;
It mounts upon that desert's air—
Heaven hears, and heareth not in vain.

A blest voice speaks—"Hagar fear not,
 " Thee and thy child thy God hath heard ;—
" Lift up the lad—his future lot
 " Is fixed by the Almighty word ;

" A mighty nation shall he be—
 " The wilderness his tent shall know—
" Uncurbed his track and wildly free,
 " With strength to bend the stubborn bow."

My boy will live ! a well spring in this land
Meets my hot eyes—so dimmed by burning tears,
How pure its waters ! — and how bless'd to lave
Yon drooping flow'r ! — far from mine eyes it
 might

Have lain but for that hand which unseen guides,
And from our eyes removes each mist obscure,
And points to bliss and mercies manifold.

TO MUSIC.

BLAST music, hail ! celestial pow'r—
The spirit's wing in sacred hour—
Seraphic guide, whose strains have given
Man's darken'd soul, a dream of heaven
Whence comest thou ?—Our sadden'd earth,
Gave not such soul enchantment birth.
Say, didst thou wake when orient morn
First saw earth's thousand blossoms born ;
When sea, and land, and earth, and sky
Proclaimed that all was harmony ?

Where is thy dwelling, sacred guest ?
Mid spheres of bliss on seraph's breast—
In realms of everlasting light—
In hearing of the INFINITE.
Around thee wait a vestal train,
Whose voices blend in choral strain ;
Low at thy feet, they bend the knee—
That seraph band is melody.
They mount—they soar—each pinion bears
To heaven's high gate our earth born prayers,
Where dwells in glory and alone,
Earth's king—the uncreated ONE.

THE REST OF THE WEARY.

THE weary are sleeping—they dream not, but rest
In the quiet of death, with the sod o'er their
breast ;

They sleep where life's shadows no darkness can
fling,

And unfelt is each sunbeam which gladdens the
spring.

They rest in their hopes—in the faith which they
died ;

As the tree is cut down so the trunk must abide.

No thought for the future—no dream of the past,
May better them now, or an influence cast—
They dream not, but rest—and their sleeping is
 peace,

Life's chequers are over, earth's sorrowings cease.
The pale lips are closed, the fring'd eye-lids are
 down,

The mouth wears no anger, the forehead no
 frown.

Who would not thus slumber? oh who would
 not leave

The conflicts of life and the musings which
 grieve?

Who would not cast off all earth's coils from the
 breast,

To give back to the spirit its home 'mid the
 blest?

And when shall they rise? when the nations
 shall flee

From the fire-flame of earth and each kingdom
 shall be

Consum'd like a scroll—when the stars in their
sphere

Are dimm'd in their lustre and tremble with
fear ?

When “ Time is no more,” and the sea yields
her dead—

When the mountains are not, and the islands
are fled—

When o'er the red sun the fourth phial is poured,
And the Arch-angel's voice proclaims,—God is
the Lord !

Whenever they wake may their rising be blest,
And the grave be exchanged for eternity's rest !
May they swell the loud harpings in God's holy
band,

With Hosannas of praise, in the heavenly land !

THE GRAVE OF THE TWINS.

~~~~~  
The summer's breath came o'er them and they died.

HEMANS.

~~~~~

THEY are mingling with earth,
And the flowers o'er their tomb,
Are smiling once more,
In their beauty and bloom ;
Whilst the brightest of beams
Which break from the sky,
Make lovely the place
Where the innocent lie.

And should not the sunshine
 Play over their breast,
And the fairest of blossoms
 Bend light o'er their rest?—
For no sorrow was theirs—
 Scarce a shadow of earth
Had pass'd o'er their brows
 Since their rapturous birth.

And no conflict convuls'd
 As the life breathings ceas'd,—
Nor struggle, nor sigh,
 Spoke the spirit releas'd.
A stillness unbroken,
 A coldness as clay,
Alone mark'd the hour
 Of life's passing away.

Brief—yet happy their days,
 For a mother's fond breast
Had pillow'd their heads
 In their sweetest of rest;

Whilst hush'd was each sound,
Which in fancy might make
Their slumbers less light,
Or the sleepers awake.

This, this was their bliss,
What more sweet could they prove
In waking, or rest,
Than a mother's pure love?
Yet what bosom may shield
When death cometh to slay?
He may not be won
To relinquish his prey.

They are slumb'ring once more,
But not where the eye
Can watch the dear sleepers,
As peaceful they lie;
Not—not where the mother
Keeps watch round the bed,
Lest a sound should disturb,
For they sleep with—the *dead*!

FRIENDSHIP VERSUS LOVE.

THIS was a trial brought to prove,
Whether friendship's generous sway
Equall'd not the reign of love,
And which might henceforth rule the day.

Friendship — like a star
Emits a pleasing light ;
But Love outshines it far,
As day exceeds the night.

Friendship — is a gem,
Encas'd in silver mould ;
But Love's ! a diadem
Wrought in burnish'd gold.

As glow-worms light the path;
So far doth friendship shine ;
But Love, the splendour hath,
T' illume the darkest mine.

Friendship — is a field,
Where buds bloom bright as day;
But Love's wide regions yield
Flowers fading not away.

Friendship — time demands
Ere yet its flow'rs will bloom ;
But Love at once expands,
E'en from the deepest gloom.

Friendship — like a flower,
Oft droops 'neath cheerless sky ;
But Love survives the hour
Of cold adversity.

Friendship — like a glass,
Will tell you what's amiss;
But Love, will let it pass —
His *blindness* is his *bliss*.

Friendship's face we greet,
As one lov'd "passing well;"
But Love! when thee we meet
Thou charm'st as with a spell.

Friendship — is a reed
On which the heart may rest;
But Love's the friend indeed,
To make us truly blest.

Friendship — in the mind,
Is silver mix'd with dross;
But Love, is gold refined,
And bears the highest gloss.

Friendship — in the breast,
Is peaceful in its reign ;
But Love, will never rest —
He teazes heart and brain.

Then Friendship hear the jury,
And what the judges say :—
Tho' Love's sometimes a fury,
Yet he must rule the day.

The witnesses all prove,
That tho' he oft offends,
They'd rather have *one* love
Than *one* and *twenty* friends.

Nay, Friendship do not frown
At the verdict which we give,
For Love must wear the crown
As long as he shall live !

TIME'S CHANGES.

I SAW her, first in holy fane,
Her pure gaze turn'd on high,
When burst in rich delicious strain
Her soul's full melody.

I knew her, when afflictions press'd,
And tears had paled her cheeks,
For sunbeam friends had fled the test
The child of sorrow seeks.

I lov'd her, when in orphan state
Want had with woe combin'd;—
Then, like a lone flow'r desolate,
She round my heart strings twin'd.

I made her mine, when woodlands rung,
With song-birds' notes of love—
When the wild rose rich fragrance flung,
And bright skies laugh'd above.

I lost her, in the trial hour,
When nature's pangs distress'd—
My bosom clasp'd our first-born flower,
My lips death's victim press'd.,

They took her — to the silent earth—
Dust unto dust was given—
I wept aloud, I felt that worth
Which wing'd its way to heaven.

I mourn her, in the hush of night
When tearless eye-lids sleep
And with the early morning light
My spirit wakes to weep.

I mourn her, in the hush of night
And when I seek my rest
I mourn her, as a martyred flower
Whose love — my being blest.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

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And early she had learn'd to love  
Each holy charm to nature given—  
The changing earth, the skies above,  
Were prompters to her dreams of heaven !

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MAID of the mountain, hast thou seen
The earliest tint of Spring's bright green ?
I know thou wanderest forth to hail
The first sweet breath of the vernal gale :
Soon as the snow melts from the hill,
And murmuring flows each mountain rill,
Thy form is seen on the dewy height
With a buoyant grace, and a foot as light
As the loosen'd hound, when he scents the morn,
And bounds at the call of the huntsman's horn.

In that mountain hut, so bleakly wild ;
Nature had reared her fairest child ;
On the maiden's brow, so brightly fair,
Nothing is seen of shading care ;
There beauty and gladness, their magic blend
And virtue claims her, her bosom's friend.
Nothing knows she of wealth or lore,
The fields are her books, the flowers her store ;
Her native hills where the chamois bound—
The trickling rills with their lulling sound—
The spot where some few pale blossoms blow,
And the darkling pine trees tow'ring grow,
Form the Eden of all her heart's delight,
Her care by day, and her dreams by night.
The mountain top is her altar-place,
The smiling heaven her maker's face ;
She hears his voice, in each gentle breeze,
She sees his works in the flowers and trees ;
Her soul drinks deep of the living light,
And a vestment wears of stainless white.

•

Choice blessings are thine, thou Mountain
Maid ;
Rich is the heart where such joys pervade ;
Long may'st thou banquet, thou wilding rose
On the sweet resource thy bosom knows ;
And long may thy voice from the mountain's
green sod,
Breathe the prayer of thy heart, to the throne of
thy God.

THE SEASONS.

'Tis the spring!— 'tis the spring, say my mur-
muring heart,

Does not her bright beautiful presence impart
New gladness, new hope?—come thou mourner
reveal

If thou feel'st not her spell thro' the wailing
chords steal?

Sensations of joy wing the carolling bird,
As its notes through the forest and woodland are
heard;

E'en insects, whose slumbers, so seeming to death,
Have roused them to taste the balm'd bliss of her
breath.

Mark how sportively wayward, yet sweetly she
plays—

Now peeping through showers—then dancing on
rays;

Now smiling—now frowning—then hiding her
face—

Last—winning our love by her gentlest embrace.

See, see! she has kiss'd each young bud in its
bed,

And whispered that winter's chill breezes have
fled;

And they, all delighted, arouse them the while,
And burst into life 'neath her radiant smile.

There comes on the gale too, a glad-speaking
voice,

Which tells that the sods of the valley rejoice;
For spring has been stepping o'er mountain and
plain,

And has robed them in garments of gladness
again.

The dark clouds give way, and the blue sky peeps
through,

And yields from its bounty the nourishing dew ;
The gemm'd earth, all grateful for blessings so
given,

Sends her choicest of odours as incense to
heaven.

Shall not man, then, be glad ? shall his heart not
expand,

And burst into joy 'neath the fostering hand ?—
Shall his feelings not blossom, and offer to God,
A fragrance as sweet as each flow'r of the sod ?

Yes, yes ! the clos'd heart shall be freely unfurl'd,
And an incense shall rise to that radiant world,
Where spring is eternal—where shadows ne'er
come,

For that realm of pure light, is our soul's lasting
home.

Glad summer is come with her gay laughing
train,
I have traced her bright step o'er the hill-side and
plain ;
She came borne on an incense fraught cloud of
the morn
Ere the dew-drop was dried on the blossoming
thorn.

I have seen her just now—and her eye's sunny
hue,
Quite tempts me to bask 'neath its beautiful blue ;
And her smile—Oh it seems of such rapture to
tell,
That I yielded my heart to her magical spell.

Round her brow so bewild'ring a splendour there
plays,
We might think she had bound it—with Sol's
golden rays ;

And her zone is encircled by flow'rets whose hues
Seem brighten'd and fed by hesperian dews.

Her foot's fairy impress has painted the earth,
For thousands of blossoms, have laugh'd into
birth ;

Whilst the song-birds who live but 'mid sunshine
and flowers,

Give their sweetest of music to gladden her bowers.

She has kiss'd her lov'd rose,—its deep blush tells
the tale ;

She has lavish'd a smile on each bud of the vale ;
She has breath'd o'er the leaves and their varying
shade

Grows brighter wherever her breathings have
play'd.

E'en the brooks, by her presence seem happy and
blest.

As they mirror her form on each crystalline
breast ;

And the ripples—they dance in their fulness of
joy,

As tho' ice-chain could never their pastime
destroy.

Bright beautiful season ! thy empire of light
Should chase from man's heart the dominion of
night,

Thy rays impart blessings to all, and to each,
And thy gifts should a lesson of thankfulness
teach.



The autumn is past—she hath gathered her spoil
From each proud waving tree, and each weed of
the soil,

While some plants too fragile to brave her rude
breath

Have sunk down to sleep in the quiet of death.
She hath finished her course—and many a bough
She hath stripped of its fruit, mourns in barren-
ness now,

While nothing remains of its spring-tide's fair
day,
Save a few trembling leaves falling fast to decay.

The autumn hath sped—and her red scathing
blast

O'er nature's fair face, desolation hath cast.

The wind as a mourner goes heavily now,
And a requiem plays o'er each leaf-riven bough,
So plaintive, so sad, that the grief breathing gale,
Seems to call from our bosoms an answering
wail,

But, the past why thus mourn? we have joyed
'midst its flowers,

And the future—but who may rely on those
hours!

The autumn hath past—and a silence so still
Rests on woodland and plain, over valley and
hill,

And from the cold sky hangs a mist like a
shroud,

While the tears of the morn, burst in streams
from each cloud,

The sun scarcely lingers till earth feels his glow
As tho' beams might not rest on the surface of
woe,

As if he but lov'd the fair earth when her flowers
Were blushing, and bright, as the summer's glad
hours.

The autumn hath past—and a shadowing wing
Seems to spread o'er the earth, and a silence to
fling ;

E'en the birds feel its spell, and songless and shy
Come near to our homes, till the gloom hath
pass'd by ;

But man—reas'ning man,—in each withering
sod

Sees the finger of love—the right hand of his God
Giving nature repose, — that her languishing
reign

May gather new strength to rejoice us again.



I am hasting away—I am hasting away,
From a land where with smiles few welcome my
stay ;

I am fleeing away on the wings of old time,
Who claims me to visit a far distant clime,—
A clime, where the birds who expect me ere long,
Will gladden my reign, with their presence and
song,

Nor hie them, like swallows, away when the
breeze

Just playfully sports with the leaves on the trees.

I am hasting away—I am hasting away,
For spring and her children are tripping this
way ;

And she, with her sunshine, her verdure, and
flow'rs,

Will make you forget my evenings' gay hours :
She'll tempt you to rove by her magical spell,
She'll lead you where violets empurple the dell ;

Where with dew-drops she spangles the prim-
roses pale,
Then kisses them dry with her gentlest gale.

I am hasting away—I am hasting away,
For soft airs from the south through my raven
locks play,

And remind me that *I* no fellowship keep
With the breezes that waken sweet flow'rs from
their sleep ;

I go, and I leave to sun, zephyrs, and dew,
The rapture of bringing choice buds into view,—
Of clothing each spray—giving scent to the morn,
And glitt'ring with gems the blossoming thorn.

I am hasting away—I am hasting away,
Yet lives there not one to regret me, and say,
“ I love thee, dear Winter, I joy in thy reign,
“ Of thy snows, frost, or cold, I do not com-
plain ;—
“ Thy breezes have health, if at noontide we
stray,

“ When the sun hath dispersed each dark vapour
away,—
“ Thy ev’nings how social, when around the
bright fire,
“ Our hearts own the glow which its comforts
inspire.”

I am hasting away—yet there hangs on my brow,
Sad presage—that some I leave healthily now,
May, ere my return have sunk to that rest,
Where the clod of the graveland shall cover
their breast ;—
To such, then, good bye—an eternal good bye,
For ye go where *no winter* o’ershadows the sky,—
Where no tempest clouds gather—no storms
drench the sod,
And the land where these come not, is the land
of your God !

THOUGHTS AFTER A SHIPWRECK.

~~~~~  
There is no motion of the air  
To raise the sleeper's tress,  
And no wave-building winds are there,  
On Ocean's loveliness.

J. O. ROCKWELL.

~~~~~

THE vex'd Sea is now still,
And the waves of the deep
By nature's own hushings
Are lull'd to their sleep :
The surge which hath gather'd
Since earliest day,
Like the wrath of the storm
Is now passing away.

Yet a sob and a moan
Come borne on each blast,
As some spirit in grief,
For the spoil of the past ;
For the merciless deed
Which has whelm'd 'neath the wave,
Hearts yearning for home,
The weary—and brave.

Oh most desolate day !
How little they deem,
Who are waiting afar
In hope's cherishing dream,
Of the ruin and wreck
And the sorrow to come,
The grief which is winging
Its way to each home.

The fond mother who wept
At the prospect to part,
Has counted the time
By each pulse of her heart,

When her son should return,
Her brave sea-faring boy,
With his young heart elate
In the fulness of joy.

The fond maiden in hope
Will wander once more
The billowy beach,
The desolate shore ;
And her eye will grow bright
As she watches each speck,
She has heard not the woe
Of the vessel's dark wreck.

The young wife to her child
Round the fire-side of home,
Repeats the fond tale
How the father will come,
With bright toys for his babe
And a blessing for her,
The dearest of boons
Which this life can confer.

Yet now waxes, now wanes
The light in her eye
As hope in her breast
Plants the sunbeam, or sigh;
She will go to her couch
And her heart will be stirred,
With the sickness of fear
And the promise deferred.

Alas for her sorrow !
Oh what voice will impart !
That no husband now claims
The sweet shrine of her heart ?
Whose foot will be fleet
To carry her woe ?
To say, 'neath the ocean
" Thy Husband lies low ! "

And thou mother, count not
The long hours by the shore,
Thy first-born now resteth
Where time is no more.

His bark hath found rest
On that radiant strand;
Where ocean heaves not
And no storms vex the land.

Turn thy foot trusting girl
To thy threshold again,
Thy Sailor-love sleeps
'Neath the breast of the main;
Where the sunbeams of hope
And the shadow of woes,
May not chequer the rest
Of his spirit's repose.

Not again to your hearths
May the sea-farers come,
No more shall their smiles
Cheer the circle of home;
Alas! for each grief
What words can be spoken,
To solace the hearts
By the tempest nigh broken?

God shall speak to them peace,
And their sorrows shall prove,
As chain-links to bind them
More close to his love.
They shall dwell on the past
As a trial so given,
To better their hearts
For a dwelling in heaven.

WHEREFORE WEEP YE MAIDEN.

“ O lie not down poor mourner,
“ On the cold earth in despair ;
“ Why give the grave thy homage,
“ Does the spirit wander there ? ”

WHEREFORE weep ye maiden ? the tears that
thus ye shed,
Cannot from the grave-land, win back the slum-
b’ring dead,
Wherefore weep ye maiden over yon grassy sod ?
But dust is there reposing—the spirit is with God.

Wherefore weep ye maiden ? it is the will of Him
Who rules enthron’d on high, ’midst countless
cherubim,

To strip you of your all, yet bear'st thou not in
mind,
That he will to the shorn one, temper every wind.

Wherefore weep ye maiden? why hug ye thus
your woe,
The hand which chastens thee, and lays thy treasure low
Can raise thy drooping form, and heal each anguish'd smart,
For saith he not I *will*, bind up the broken heart.

Wherefore weep ye maiden? canst thou not again
Spring up from the tempest, like pine-trees of
the plain?
Hast thou no supporter? maiden yes thou hast,
For sayeth not our Lord, on me thy burden cast

Wherefore weep ye maiden? this mournful wail
why keep?
Go, hie thee to thy couch love, thy sorrows lose
in sleep;

The morning's sun shall break, thy heart's pure
hymn shall rise,
Thy griefs shall melt away, like clouds from
summer skies.

Then weep no longer sad one, each heart where
virtue's dear
Will whisper to thee comfort, and dry the or-
phan's tear ;
Thy God will never break the bruised, or bended
reed ;
And they who seek him early, his providence
will feed.

THE PATRIOT FATHER.

~~~~~  
Go call thy sons—instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors.

AKENSIDE.

~~~~~

Nobly answered, my son ! thou a soldier shalt be,
And war's martial blast shall be music to thee ;
Thou, thy laurels shalt win 'midst the honoured
and brave,
Tho' the field of thy fighting but yield thee a
grave.

Thou hast chosen thy path 'mid the peril of strife,
Where name may not save thee, nor wealth purchase life ;
Where thy actions must serve for escutcheon
and crest,
And thy valour alone the proof mail for thy breast.

But confess to me boy, hath thy young mind
 been caught,
By the timbrel of praise, which our conquests
 have bought ?
Or, are the bright names which yet blazon in
 story,
The beacons which light thee, and lead thee to
 glory ?

Our island hath much that is dear to each son,—
Her fair charter'd rights from dark tyranny won—
Time's heirloom unsullied, inviolate, and free—
Our passport by land, and our pilot o'er sea.

And well hath she kept the rich gems of her
 dower
Her pearls of high purchase, fair freedom and
 power—
And Oh ! may this wealth, be unplucked from
 her hand,
Whilst a son of her soil draws his breath on her
 land !

Our fane of high worth, the blest temples of
God,
Where religion's pure ministry hallows the sod ;
Where the heart's hymn ariseth in gladness or
woe—
Say, shall heathenish hand lay an altar stone
low ?

The halls of our chieftains, those bulwarks of
might,
Which stand as earth's giants, proudly arm'd
for the fight,
Have yielded their noblest, their bravest, and
best,
That England might rise, and her offspring be
blest.

Shall the foe's haughty banner wave high o'er
their walls ?
And his footstep's dread echo be heard in their
halls ?

Shall we drive them not hence, with the might of
our hand,
And keep for our heroes, the strength of our
land ?

Our hearths in their quiet, and gladness now
gleaming,
Where peace hath her temple, and virtue is beam-
ing ;
Where hlest sympathies meet, and affections en-
twine
The hearts of a household, round home's sacred
shrine.

Do we value their peace ? is our joy's best repose
In that circle of love, where each object bestows
A blessing and smile, and where the heart's
prayer
Makes our welfare its subject, its hope, and its
care ?

Then gird on thy sword, if these dear things have
part

In thy generous mind—in thy patriot heart.

And thine ardour still glows to uphold in its
fame

Our king and our country—our birthright and
name.

Be thy glory unsullied—shew mercy to those

Whom thy fortune may vanquish, thy duties
oppose ;

Then if laurels be thine, they may proudly be
worn

In thy brightest of hours, without canker or
thorn.

FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE.

JULIA.

Ah, Constance ! I thought you'd been married,
my dear—

We heard at Geneva you'd wed an old Peer,
Who settled upon you three thousand a-year.

CONSTANCE.

Dear Julia, no ; he was such a bore,
He seemed to belong to some era of yore—
A *precious Antique* to have graced my Budoir.
Mama always said, gain a Peer if you can,
Obedient to this I well moulded each plan ;
Yet no ! I could never endure an old man.

But you cannot conceive the mirth I've enjoyed—

I would you had seen how he gracefully bow'd
After hobbling up to me, through Almack's gay
crowd ;

For his Lordship was lame, his foot had the
gout,

Yet he would chaperone me to concert and
rout,

And lend me his arm to my carriage and
out.

And when in the park I would go for a
drive,

Though a halo of beaux, like bees from a hive,
Kept buzzing around, yet his Grace, by my
side,

As some Quixote of old, their advances defied,
By a look meant to say,—I'm her ladyship's
guide—

Her Knight, her elect ; whilst I could but smile,
And try to oppose his intentions the while.

JULIA.

When I went to Geneva I left you at play
With that pet of the beau-monde, Lord Vincent
Doublais ;
Say, fickle dear Constance, was he not *au fait* ?

CONSTANCE.

What! Vincent the fopling ? th' egregious elf,
His love and his care of his own padded self,
Would lead him to lay his dear wife on the
shelf :
No, no, I could never have married Doublais,
Though an exquisite *bon mot* his Lordship can
say,
And sing that divine air, *Je te garderai !*

JULIA.

Fie, fie ! my dear Cousin, I ~~do~~ not forget
That when you were wooed, by the Count Villa-
dette,
Your heart on a Dukedom, or Peerage was set ;

These came, and the first you very well know
You lost *but* by having *two* strings to your
bow—

'Twas not politic, Constance, to use his Grace so.

CONSTANCE.

La ! Cousin ! I vow that Geneva has given
You very strange thoughts, and your badinage
driven ;

We used to laugh over flirtations like these,
And declare 'twas delightful the male-sex to
tease ;

So serious you're grown, that I fear, in sad truth,
You've forgotten the nonsense and mirth of your
youth.

JULIA.

You're facetious†—'tis well I'm not quite so
young,

But still there are graces which dwell on the
tongue

May out-live those follies now learnt by most
girls,
Who angle for Dukes, Counts, Viscounts, or
Earls ;
And when such are entrapp'd in their flimsy-
spun net,
Shew the *strength* of their Love by playing—
Coquette.

CONSTANCE.

Dear Cousin, I vow that you're now too severe—
I never once flirted, I'm sure, with the Peer ;
And as for the Duke, what faux-pas could he see
In my taking the arm of young Rupert Dundee ?
And then for Doublais, Villadette, and Gonsailles,
I merely bestow'd upon them a few smiles.
'Tis cruel, 'tis shocking, to say I coquette ;
I am sure that were once my affections quite set,
I should never be teasing, or giddy, or gay,
If my Lover ne'er vexed me by being *outré*,
But indulgingly let me have *all* my own way.

JULIA.

Dear Constance, I trust what you say you will
prove,

Whenever you feel that you really do love.

Flirtation, my Cousin, is quite a defect,

Destroying not only our love, but respect,

And makes you the victim of scorn and neglect ;

It gives to the Libertine power to speak

Things that tinge with a blush fair modesty's
cheek.

When your heart a selection has properly made,

Let your conduct, dear Constance, by prudence
be sway'd,

And nought but true tenderness ever display'd.

THE CRIMINAL.

I saw him

By the fitful light of dying embers,
And ever and anon a flick'ring beam
Play'd o'er his face, and shew'd the ravage made
By woe :—his eyes were cast upon the earth,
As though his hopes, as well as fortunes, soared
No higher than the grovelling dust—his arms
Were folded on his heaving breast, as if
In haughty meditation of his state.—
Oh ! 'twas a melancholy sight !—that man,
With mind endowed for bright and noblest ends,
By talent and by nature made to win
All hearts to love him, so sunk, degraded,
And so worn with guilt's corroding fetters.

Yet, when he raised his eyes, how different
Their glance to that sad look I deem'd they
wore !—

A quenchless spirit play'd within, and seem'd
To mock his features utter wretchedness.
By fancy's magic spell, I quite revers'd
This scene—the white-wash'd cell I hung with
bright

And richest tapestry—the bed of straw
I changed into a couch of luxury ;
And *He*—that lost, that lone and guilty one,
I deck'd in costly robes, and there he sat
In pride of honor'd race—then look'd he well ;
His eye became the lofty bearing of
His brow—his folded arms bespoke that high
Behest, which ancient noblesse gloried in.
But this bright vision vanish'd with one sob,—
One loud, deep, spirit-rending sob ! and he,
The Criminal, had prostrate sunk upon
His dungeon's floor, and in a voice which spoke
His spirit's agony, cried out,—My God,

My God ! Oh, do not thou forsake me !
 Do thou not (like those chosen few my heart
 Had number'd out as Friends,) now leave me to
 Despair !—in mercy hear me !—grant that I,
 The last sad scion of a noble house,
 May not by ignominious hands be reft
 Of life ; but that the morning's sun find me
 A corse ! * * * * *

* * * * *

I heard no more. The dungeon's door creak'd
 Heavily ; and straight before that culprit
 Stood one, whose blood-red robes, and stealthy
 step,
 Bespoke th' Inquisitor ! My fancy track'd
 Him to the grand tribune ; and then it deem'd
 There came, borne on the breeze of night,
 a shriek !—

A deep, low, smother'd sound—a bursting sob
 Of mortal agony. Once more it came,
 Fainter, and finer—then was it hushed.
 The midnight bell toll'd heavily the hour

Of twelve,—I woke!—my restless fever'd sleep
Was broken, and I found my taper's beam
Shone dimly, and its flitting ray like to
The breathings of departing life.

TEARS AND THEIR SOURCES.

THERE are tears which gem the infant's eye,
When it moans its own sweet lullaby ;
And tears will flow when the time has come
That school must supply the joys of home ;
Yet such from the tearful fount may trill,
They skim but the surface—working no ill.

There are tears that fall as spring's soft show'rs,
Dimming awhile, then bright'ning the flowers,
And are as the dew on the leafy spray,
Exhal'd by the warmth of a smiling ray ;
Such tears are as sweet as the summer's rain,
Blessing the heart, and cheering the plain.

There are tears which start in the parent's eye,
When struggling bursts—farewell ! good bye !
As the son is launch'd on the foaming main,
Or wends his way to the battle plain ;
And these, whilst e'en from the fount they stream,
Are dried by the glow of Hope's bright beam.

There are tears that lave the maiden's cheek,
When tongue denies what the heart would speak ;
There are tears that gush from injured pride—
Bitter's their source, and rushing their tide :
These, these from the depths of the urn will
spring,
And are traced by the bright cheek withering.

There are tears which their solemn track will keep,
And the source of that stream is still and deep,
Flowing in secret, unbidden, alone—
Voiceless, yet speaking the spirits tone ;
Such tears, indulged in, too quickly doom,
The aching heart to an early tomb.

There are tears that fall far purer than those,
Which are wrung from the heart by mortal
throes,

When the spirit weeps its stain of years,
And would wash the soul by repentant tears :
These, these are pure gems, and oh ! may they
prove

Our passport to Heaven—to Mercy—to Love !

THE CARVED CAPON.

Vitale da Pietra Santa, at the request of his wife,
desires his son, a student of laws, to cut up a Capon
by rules of grammar.

SACCHETTI.

WHAT ! a capon to carve, in grammatical way !
No doubt my dear readers will laughingly say,
'Tis a thing out of reason, quite foolish, absurd—
Does a grammar give rules for the carving
a bird ?

Not exactly, indeed, yet we each of us know,
That the rules of our grammar decidedly shew,
That a bird is a *substance* ; as such then may be,
Divided and shared in an equal degree.

Yet this definition still leaves us in doubt,
How to cut up the capon ; nor can I find out
One word that will serve for the problem in case—
So I leave it to shew what exactly took place.
The Student was one lately come from the
College,
Where wit often stands as the *proxy* for know-
ledge,
And to play a good knife, under bribe of a fee,
Is much sooner acquired than a student's degree.
His lady-like mother, (only mother in name,)
Deemed her son boasted knowledge, to which
he'd no claim,
And with no friendly feeling pervading her
breast,
Resolved his attainments to put to the test.
Of grammar she'd heard, yet I have not a
doubt,
'Twas a puzzle her faculties never made out ;
But she must have esteemed it all science above,
For by this very art, she intended to prove

Her son's mighty learning, so bade him display,
play,

How to cut up a bird in *grammatical* way.

The youth saw her folly, but thought it unwise,

The lady's request to neglect or despise ;

For she o'er her household held absolute sway—

Her *veto* was—no, and her looks were—obey !

The father, and mother, and two sisters graced

The table in form—near the latter was placed

A good sort of man, called a Catholic Priest,

Invited, no doubt, to give *grace* to the feast.

The supper commenced, and the crest of the
bird,

In courtesy due, on the Priest was conferred ;

As they, in their office, the shaven crown wear,

The youth deem'd that part of the bird was *his*
share.

The father, as *head* of the household estate,

Had the brain-gifted member forth laid on his
plate.

To the mother who needed young legs to save
her's,

The son, wishful to please, straight the Capon's
confers.

To each sister he handed a delicate wing,
As a hint that they should, like the songsters of
spring,

Now nurtured and grown, summon courage and
fly,

In search of a home, 'neath a sunnier sky.

The breast and the back of the Capon remained—
The *bonne bouches* of the bird, and he who sus-
tained

The carving fatigue, embellished his plate
With the delicate food, and unblushingly ate
The choicest and best—and was not this fair,
Since he modestly took what was left for his
share?

Then, addressing his mother, he tauntingly said,
You see, my dear madam, how wisely I'm led,

To select for you each, what I deem suits you
best—

Thus, my wisdom has surely been put to the test ;
And if I have failed to convey to your mind,
That my knowledge is not of the *subtlest* kind,
Pray impute the defect to my ears or my eyes,
But do not the rules of my grammar despise ;
For without such assistance, I plainly could see,
The snare that your kindness intended for me.
You meant by this capon to prove me a fool,
For even *you*, madam, must know there's no rule
In our grammar contained, for dissecting a bird—
'Twas an *art* of your own, and in malice pre-
ferred,
That my failure might prove me unworthy the
fame,
Derived from the A.B. attached to my name.
Now if, when again I return from the college,
You wish me to shew off some portion of know-
ledge,

Pray select in your wisdom some science, which
may

Your own *sense* discover and *kindness* display ;
Lest the tables be turned, and the ridicule
thrown,

On those who to others no mercy have shewn.

A MOTHER'S RETROSPECTION.

MARY, my memory goes back
To thy fair childhood's pleasant track,
The spell breaks o'er my darker years,
As sunshine thro' a mist of tears ;
I see thee by my side e'en now,
With thy glad smile and open brow—
Thy young lips part, thy sweet tones come,
As when their music blest our home.
And can my lonely heart forget,
Thy winning looks—thy fond regret,
When first thou miss'd my curling hair,
And saw the widow's tresses there ?

Thou didst not like the parted braid,
Around my wan, thin temples laid,
And mark'd with childhood's artless grace
The tear-drops on my beamless face.
Thou wert too young, my darling child,—
Too much by passing joys beguil'd,
To mark the throb which wrung my breast,
When first my orphan girl I press'd ;
Yet thou didst strive, with sweet caress,
To smile away my wretchedness,
And tho' a widow, still I felt,
My God had yet in mercy dealt,
In leaving to my heart a vine,
Whose clasping tendrils yet would twine
Around that stem, whence leaf and flower
Had droop'd in sorrow's blighting hour.
Young as thou wert, thou fain would'st know
The source of my resistless woe ;
I bade thee list, then told once more,
The tale of grief and trials o'er.

The tears came trickling from thine eyes
As show'rs from April's bright blue skies,
Dried, too, as soon as though some ray
Had met them on their watery way.
But Mary ! thou hadst little share
Of that dear father's anxious care ;
Ere one year of thy life had pass'd,
Summon'd by war's imperious blast,
He left thee in thy gentle sleep,
With *one* to watch o'er thee and weep.
But my reft heart too well could trace
His looks of love—his noble face,
His fond affection for his child,
His parting kiss—his anguish wild.
Again I wept, but hid from thee
The full tide of my misery.
I bade thee go and bring me flowers,
Made brighter by the passing showers—
Thy fleet step, still as light and gay,
Went on its noiseless, thornless way ;

Then did the gush of sorrow stream,
Till e'en hope waned to fitful gleam.

* * * * *

This past—years past—and thou, my pride,
Still near thy widow'd mother's side,
Grew as a bud, when sun and show'r
Alternate bless and bend the flow'r.
Oh ! had'st thou kept thy place of rest,
As unfledg'd bird within its nest,
This heart, tho' steep'd in misery,
Had had no source of grief thro' thee.
But thou, my dear misguided love,
With plumage bright as spotless dove,
Soar'd on thy mounting spirit's wing,
Like merlin loos'd from silken string ;
And as that bird in sunny air
Flutters, it knows not, cares not where,
So thou, alas ! in pleasure's throng
Swept in its labyrinth along,
Unconscious that the fowler's net
Was o'er these flow'ry mazes set.

* * * * *

Oh ! wakeful memory ! let fall
Oblivion's dark yet shading pall ;
Hide from my brain—my mental sight,
My life's black cloud—my darkest night.
Mary ! my daughter still !—tho' sunk,
Tho' blighted as some scathed trunk,
Tho' fallen—humbled—crushed and seared,
Yet by thy childhood's spell endeared,
By years in fond affection twin'd,
By mem'ry of thy spotless mind,
By recollection's powerful spell,
When bidding all I lov'd farewell,
By crowding thoughts of bliss by-gone,
Till blending joy and grief seem one ;—
I cannot, cannot, curse my child,
Tho' sinful, lost, and wandering wild
In darken'd path—she was the shrine
Around which, like an aged vine,
My heart still clung—I pray'd, I wept,
Till the dark mass of sorrow swept

Me slowly by—and long years cast

A mantle o'er the troubled past.

* * * * *

Mary, farewell!—yet shall I part

From mem'ry's spell, ere from my heart

Its prayer comes forth?—that prayer, my love,

Daily upraised for *thee* above,

That *thou*, reclaim'd from error's way,

Be brought, by *penitence*, to pray.

Bend thee, my child, on humble'd knee,

Weep in thy soul's humility,

Till Hope, received from gracious Heaven,

Whispers thy peace—and faults forgiv'n!

JEALOUSY.

THE breath of mistrust had been breath'd o'er
his soul,

Its voice, like a mildew, had fall'n on his ear ;
Like a blood-hound, the demon had track'd to its
goal

The blest spirit of peace, and had made it a bier.

Its poison had sunk on the germs of his heart,
And blighted each blossom which sprung from
its mould ;

It had coil'd round the root, and its venomous
dart

Struck the fountain of hope, till life's current ran
cold.

It lurk'd in each cell, till the keenness of pain
Had quiver'd each fibre—each nerve, too, un-
strung ;
It had fever'd each pulse, it had madden'd his
brain,
Whilst his lip shrank all blanch'd at the curse of
his tongue.

In his breast was a fire ; and the forked flames
threw
As Etna's wild stream, desolation and dread ;
Yet jealousy's plant, like the Upas tree, drew
Life and strength from that soil where each
flower lay dead.

The fiend laugh'd aloud—his fury now waned—
His victim no longer the tempest might brave,
Yet he whisper'd *one* word—that point was soon
gain'd,
For yon lonely dark mound—shews the SUICIDE'S
GRAVE !

THE DYING CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

Angel of death ! yet, yet awhile delay !
Too sad it is to part,
Thus in my spring of heart,
With all the light and laughter of the day.

HEMANS.

'Tis now three months, my mother, since you
laid me on this bed,
And kindly made the pillow smooth for Mary's
aching head ;
And tho' my hands were burning hot, and heavy
grew my eye,
We did not think, dear mother, then, you laid
me here to die.

For I remember, when I spoke of my forehead's
burning pain,
You said, I hope to-morrow, love, you'll be quite
well again—
So kiss'd my cheek, and bade me sleep, and
drew the curtains round,
Then stole away, and clos'd the door, without the
slightest sound.

The morrow came, and pass'd away, but was in
sickness spent,
And many, many morrows now, too like it came
and went ;
Yet, mother, for this day or two, I've had no
cough or pain,
So don't you think I soon shall be quite strong
and well again ?
You told me when I better grew, I should,
wrapp'd up with care,
Go round the garden walk again, and breathe
the fresh'ning air.

Do, mother, let me try to-day, I am wearied of
this room ;

Besides, it looks so nice and warm—is not the
summer come ?

Oh ! how much better now I feel—quite happy
too, and gay ;

Do not you wish that I may have, such spirits
ev'ry day ?

I'm sure I should not like to die—that is, so soon,
I mean,

For every thing seems living now, sweet flow'rs
and herbage green ;

And uncle, too, is coming home, across the far
deep sea,

Who used to call me little Mab, and take me on
his knee.

Besides, dear mother, you would be so very lost
and sad ;

For when I'm well you play with me, and seem
yourself quite glad.

And now I'm ill you never smile—not once thro'
all the day ;

And when you think me fast asleep, I hear you
come and pray

By my bedside, and then I try to pray just as
you do,

And ask of God, to make me well, to live and
comfort you.

Nay dearest mother, do not cry—is not all dan-
ger past ?

You hear now much I've talk'd to-day, I must be
mending fast ;

And but that I am rather tired, and giddy feels
my head,

I should not thus sink down again upon the
fev'rish bed.

* * * * *

Bright day again is breaking—the third from
that which threw

A passing sunbeam o'er that child, and from her
bosom drew

The simple wish that she might live, to bless and
to be blest ;

Now, in that fair white curtain'd bed, she hath
unbroken rest.

Those look'd-for days of coming health, mid
scenes of joy and love,

And dreams too beautiful for earth, were not for
her to prove.

The flow'rs she thought to gather, with her own
fair feeble hand,

She holds in death, to fade with her, in earth's
sepulchral land.

Well may'st thou weep, sad mother ! thy child,
tho' born of earth,

Had her soul's light from higher spheres, and
thou had'st known its worth ;

Be this thy solace, then, in woe—thy ray mid'st
shadows given,

Thy child all glorified hath place, with the re-
deem'd in heaven,

Where the sinless and the purified have one
eternal day,
And the joyful soul a glory owns, that fadeth
not away ;
Where seraphs' looks of holy love, one changeless
beauty wear—
Then mourner, be thy grief assuaged, thou too
may'st enter *there*.

SAVONAROLA.

“Jerome Savonarola was a man enthusiastic in his piety, and daring in his spiritual pretensions. In 1452 he first felt those impulses which gave the peculiar character to his mission ; he began to preach on prophecy, and assumed the mission of a Prophet. It was no dew of persuasion that fell from his lips—it was the word of an offended Deity, clothed in thunder and hail, announcing the approach of desolation. In a trial of fire, which he was challenged to go through, he refused the conditions, unless allowed to carry the Host in his hand. Now, besides the appearance of some secret design in this demand, the people were easily taught to believe, that the proposition contained no slight mixture of impiety, thus to expose to destruction the most holy of holy things :—the advantage was pursued, and Savonarola condemned to be burnt. His ashes, after the usual custom, were cast into the Arno.”

WADDINGTON'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

He stood beside the faggot pile,
Where martyrs' feet had trod ;
Meekly resigned to give himself
A sacrifice to God !

And not alone—another dared
The wildly spreading flame,
To seal his faith in that dark creed
Whence sin's indulgence came.

The one, of deep and holy mind,
Formed by communings high,
Strengthened to keep his faith unchanged,
Or for its doctrines die.
A quenchless light, the spirit's lamp,
Dwelt in his breast enshrined;
Whilst visions and prophetic dreams,
Swept o'er his chainless mind ;

As in the days of ages past,
Deep things, from man concealed,
To God's elect and chosen few,
In vision stood revealed.
Pure inspiration clothed his words,
The whispered voice of heaven,
Whilst prescience of forthcoming woe
To him alone seemed given.

A nation's strife—the fearful war,
 'Twixt pure and bigot zeal,
Called for decision—and his heart
 Answered the strong appeal.
He breathed his mission, not in strains
 Of soft persuasion's tone,
Denouncings dire, in terror's garb,
 Fell from his lips alone.

His voice had power, and rumour gave
 Her tribute to his fame ;
Whilst infidels, and dark-soul'd priests,
 To thwart his doctrine came.
Malice was foiled, ennobling truth
 In fearless words was given ;
And, *viva Cristo !* from each voice,
 Rang through the vault of heaven.

Nor few, nor feeble, were the men
 Who trembled 'neath his ban,
Whilst sceptre'd monarchs kneeled before
 The soul-exalted man.

Increasing numbers daily proved,
The strong resistless sway ;
Religion lit her lamp once more,
At truth's unclouded ray.

Now came the strife, the threatened storm,
By brooding blackness nurst ;
And unrestrained, in vengeful wrath,
The gathered tempest burst.
Power jealous of the strength'ning arm,
And souls from darkness won,
Gave to the church, as heretic,
Her best and noblest son.

He shrunk not — for the scripted page
Formed the foundation stone,
On which his heart an altar made,
To God and Christ alone.
From thence he drew that succour, which
In terror's fearful hour,
Upholds the faithful, and deprives
Death of his gloomy power.

Fierce was the cry — 'twas miracle
By which his power had grown ;
And superstition madly seized
On reason's vacant throne.
Kindle the pile ! trial by fire !
As that decreed of yore,
To those three Jews, whose faith might not
Bel's idol god adore.

Two piles uprear'd their threat'ning forms,
And flame on flame increas'd —
In sacerdotal habits stood,
Each fearless victim priest.
Savonarola grasped the Host, —
Relying on the power
Of that one symbol of his faith,
In torture's keenest hour.

This might not be — that sacred type
No martyr's hand might claim,
To shield him through the ordeal
Of torture and of flame.

'Twas profanation, and a crime
Against the Holy One,
Thus to expose to kindling fire —
Type of the Saviour Son.

Where was that fear disdaining soul,
That faithful trust and boast,
That thus his coward heart now sought
Protection from the Host?
For by the bold Franciscan monk,
No sacred spell was borne;
Nor on his breast, nor in his hand,
Was guard, or symbol worn.

Loud rose the tumult, and the strife —
Savonarola's fame
Seemed now some dark impostor's art,
Linked unto fraud, and shame.
Seize on the false one! bear him hence!
'Tis but some base design;
He shuns the trial, if denied
To bear a type divine.

Short was the respite — and again
The death shrine rose on high ;
And thronging thousands rushed to see,
How firmly man could die.
Unmoved he stood — his spirit held
Communion high with heaven —
The world receded, and to life
No wand'ring thought was given.

No conflict stirred him, whilst his eye
Dwelt on the reeking pyre,
“ How impotent ! how vain ! he cried,
“ Is this your vengeful fire !
“ Faith's mighty armour is the mail —
“ The ægis of my soul,
“ This is my safeguard — and o'er this
“ Who may usurp controul ?

“ High feed the flame ! my pilgrim feet
“ Have oft rough path-ways trod,
“ And this, the last ! — oh may it lead
“ To mercy — and to God ! ”

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

A costly freight one moment lay
On Arno's limpid wave —
A martyr's dust, which earth denied
The refuge of a grave!
The waters whelm'd it, and no trace
Told of the buried prize ;
Yet, when the waves yield up their dead,
This treasured spoil shall rise.

LOVE THE ROSCIUS OF THE DAY.

Who can tell the various ways,
Which Love ! in different dresses plays ?
And *how*, his motley acting sways ?

Who can count the garbs he wears,
The cost of which he never spares,
And seldom, even knows or cares ?

However wide be fancy's range,
However wild, grotesque, or strange,
He plays a part to suit each change.

If sadly sober be his vest,
Not sporting feather in his crest,
To play the "*Hypocrite*" he's drest.

If his gifts, like miser's treasure,
Come grudgingly, and without pleasure ;
He's studying "*Measure* (then) *for Measure*."

"*Love Alamode*," he'll oft engage,
A farce, too frequent on life's stage,
As spiting this degenerate age.

When he in *pleasing* garb arrays,
Which every grateful tint displays,
In "*Stoop to Conquer*," then he plays.

And this, the climax of his art,
Requires deep knowledge of his part,
And should be played with soul and heart.

When acted well, it seldom fails
To fill his pinions with the gales
Of sighs — sweet tribute to love's tales.

Had *I* my will, in this good play,
He should perform each coming day,
Till every lofty heart gave way.

But Love, I've very oft been told,
Is growing covetous and old,
And plays but rarely, and for gold.

I'm sure 'tis grievous — if 'tis true,
For what must we poor Maidens do,
Who boast no coin of yellow hue?

We e'en must teach our tongues to say,
We care not for such foolish play;
Our tastes lie quite another way.

And then of favourite pets we'll prate,
How blissful is the single state !
And how the *Roscius Boy* we hate !

So, Master Love, we've formed a plan,
To treat you as a sordid man,
And live without you — *if we can*.

THE DREAM OF THE MOTHERLESS.

“And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and torture, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking hours.”

Oh ! wake me not from such a dream,
Sweet vision of the past,
Whose happiness like summer beam,
Is flitting all too fast.
I've seen my home, my childhood's rest,
Just as I left the spot,
When bright fond looks and gladness blest,
Our dear, our hallowed cot.

I've looked upon my mother's face,
And kissed her placid brow —
Oh !where in waking may I trace
Those faded features now ?
Earth holds her not — life's silver string
Hath snapped — and far away
Her soul has soared on stainless wing,
Where beams eternal day.

I've heard a voice — that voice, for which
My spirit pined to hear,
Breaking in tones as sweet and rich,
As angels in their sphere.
Dear sister ! loved so long and well,
We deemed not yet to part,
But made a home wherein to dwell,
Within each other's heart.

I've trod once more that pleasant path,
The primrose wood among,
Where my young heart in childhood hath
Thrilled to the wild bird's song.

The very breeze which by me swept
Seemed fragrant as of yore ;
Oh ! that I had still calmly slept —
I may not dream this more.

I waken and mine eyes are wet
With pleasure's flowing tears ;
Whilst on my brain, there presses yet
The spell of other years.
Leave, leave me ! let me sink to sleep,
And mingle once again,
With those who o'er my reft heart keep,
Love's strong unbroken chain.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was a bright, sweet, tranquil summer's day,
On trees, on herbage, and on blossoms lay
A laughing lovelines ; as if the earth
Were keeping that blest jubilee — her birth !
When she came forth from cold, chaotic gloom,
A sunlit planet and in vernal bloom ;
Perfect her moulding, and in æther given,
To trace her bright way 'neath the arch of heaven.
The waters too seemed joyful, yet at rest,
With scarce a ripple on their crystal breast.
The very skiffs in lazy motion moved,
As if that blissful harmony they loved ;

And, like to human moralists, could feel
Regret to furrow with a ploughing keel
Such placid loveliness — and oh ! could care
Look on such beauty, and yet coldly wear
Her brow unbrightened ? yes, by that smooth
stream

One form was wandering, with whom, the beam
From heaven diverging, and the sapphire sky
Were not reflected in her downcast eye.

Deep were her musings ! for the maiden's soul
Was with the past, and felt the strong control
Of wakened memories, whose unlocked springs,
Shew the recesses of long treasured things.

Her brow had that sweet sadness, which per-
vades

When day's last beam blends with the evening
shades.

Sad were her feelings, and her spirit's tone
Retired within herself — and yet, not lone ;
(For oh ! it is not loneliness to be
Companion to our own heart's memory).

She then was wand'ring o'er that very sod,
Where in days past she joyfully had trod,
With *one* beside her — to whose soul was given
A stream of poesy — a boon from heaven !
And *he* with her held converse on such things,
Whose chiefest beauty from that sunshine
springs —

The heart's own gladness ; whilst each vivid
thought
Glow'd with the brightness which itself had
wrought.

Companion meet for Clifton's solitude,
Within whose deep'ning shades again *she* stood,
Wrapt in her musings ; for no more would come
That voice, which had made earth too dear a
home !

No more the pencilling on flower and tree
Would be to her so manifest — for he,
Nicely perceptive in great Nature's store,
Conned all its beauties, till his heart ran o'er
With its perfections — from this fount *he* drew
His soul's best poetry, his virtues too.

Clifton, how hallowed has thy memory been !
Thy wave,* thy windings, and each sylvan
scene —

Thy lights, thy shadows, and thine ancient trees
Had with that maiden their fond memories !
'Twas here thy Poet, thy own nursling, sought
Themes for his harp-strings ; till each budding
thought

Became a chaplet — but by haggard care
Struck from his temples ere his brow could wear
Its own bright trophy, — Yet WHITE, thy dawn-
ing fame

Has been made glorious by that crowning name,
That heir of Genius, † who enwove thy praise
With his own breathings, and approved thy
lays.

Most feeling tribute of a noble Bard !
This thine exceeding, and thy bright reward.

* Clifton Grove is bounded on one side by the Trent.

† Byron.

And oh ! how grateful to thy wandering shade,—
The heart's pure incense on thy tablet laid, *
Borne from afar — from o'er the ocean's wave,
To fling its fragrance on a stranger's grave !
Rest in thine honours ! in thy quiet sleep !
For Love and Pity do around thee keep
Their holy watchings — till, from riven earth
Again thou risest, in immortal worth !
For, if a purity which nought could dim,
May join the circle of the seraphim ;
If piety, which humblest faith displays,
May wake the harpings to Jehovah's praise,—
Thou wilt have station, where the Holy stand,
In light unfading, at thy God's right hand !
Clifton farewell ! ye memories farewell !
Yet, be your voices round me — and the spell
Of bye past happiness — for ye do fling
Flowers, which make winter beautiful as spring ;
And fragrance, whose undying sweets disclose
The grateful breathings of a summer's rose.

* Alluding to the Monumental Tablet erected to the memory of HENRY KIRKE WHITE, by Francis Boott Esq., of Boston United States.

THE ADMONITION.

Oh ! seek not my Ellen, the Sybil's dark grot,
Fly, fly from the wild haunt, there's guilt on the
spot ;—

Oh ! meet not the gleam of her wandering eye,
As it rolls in its sunken bed feverishly.

When first in my boyhood her cavern I sought,
I heard not, I read not, I dreamed not of aught
In mortality's mould, of womankind born,
So fearfully haggard, so wildered and worn,
As that dweller on earth, in whose visions are
seen

The things that shall be, and the deeds that have
been.

Seek not, my dear Ellen, seek not her dark grot,—
Can she soften her trials, or brighten your lot ?
She will open a scroll, she will weave you a
spell,

And bind you by vow, that you never shall tell
The deeds that you witness, the sounds that you
hear ;

She will mutter strange words, till you're palsied
with fear,—

While the incense-pan glows, and its fitful light
gleams,

Her eye with so fearful a brilliancy beams,
You might think the large orbs, where such
wild'ring lights play,

Were the channels for wildfire, whose meteor
like ray,

Brook'd not the frame's bondage, so broke from
the clay.

But my tongue may not utter, nor would I that
thou

Should'st hear those strange words, which the
bonds of my vow

Keep secret, and dark ; — a spirit that quails,
And shrinks at bold fiction's wild legends and
tales

I like not ; — but yet — were my tongue free to
speak

What passed in that cavern, 'twould blanch thy
young cheek.

Then seek not, dear Ellen, the hag's prescient
gift ;

If thy hopes have been wrecked, thy bark swept
adrift,

These amend if thou canst — no more seek to
know,—

Enough for each day is the weight of its woe.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

“ God has redeemed the gift he gave,
And hallowed by an early grave
Thy memory.”—

She should be happy *now* ! Leontine's bride !
For he who erst so gentle, ne'er would chide
Her, whom before high heaven he had vowed
To cherish — and that buoyancy, so bowed
Before a father's haughty, stern controul,
Now burst in graceful lightness from her soul.
Oh ! blisful destiny ! to be his own—
To mark his feelings, and his spirit's tone !

To share his dwelling, and each hour to prove
Her own Leontine's tenderness and love !
She felt too happy, as each coming day
Brought his dear smile—her young heart's beacon
ray.

What now to her, the tempest which had past ?
Her bark had gained safe anchorage at last !
Thus mused the fond one, and her eyes *mild*
beam
Glowed with the brightness of this cheating
dream.

* * * * *

We met—and I did fancy I could trace,
In the sad paleness of her youthful face,
A working sorrow — that which the heart
Finds it no balm, no solace to impart.
Those joyous breathings—the glad spirit's voice,
Which tells when feelings innately rejoice,
Were now all banished, and each tone elate
Dismissed, as mock'ry of her cheerless fate.
Yet dwelt there in *her* dark, wild, troubled eye,

Fire that still told of quenchless energy,—
A firm resolve and glances so intense,
As though her yet strong feelings would condense
Within those eye balls all the sev'rish glow,
Left from some sad, some spirit breaking woe.
This look I saw but once, long since,—and yet,
Though now for years the meteor fire hath set,
Still doth it haunt me, as if memory dwelt
On things once vivid, and so keenly felt.

She should be happy *now*—now, that Leontine's
eye

Had once more gained its wonted brilliancy !
What, tho' the lustre of *her* cheek had waned,
Had not her husband healthfulness attained ?
She blest his sickness,—for she deemed it brought
Repentant tear-drops with returning thought ;
(Rich was she in that alchemy of mind
Which turns base coin to metal more refined)
But health returning brought back exiled pride,
Which soon the fountain of repentance dried.

"What I! Leontine—Naples proudest boast!
"Whose wit gives lustre to the passing toast!
"Whose step is hailed as harbinger of joy!
"Should I those *high distinctions* all destroy;
"And, in return, supremely reign alone
"In the small circle of affection's home?
"To live on smiles—on tender words and tears,
"And list a weak wife's visionary fears?
"Banish the thought! I will, now in my prime,
"Gild whilst I can the leaden wings of time."—
And thou, meek sufferer, still didst thou find
 scope,
T'indulge the dreams of brightly tinting hope—
Still did they cheer thee.—How had that fond
 scheme,
(Planned but to save him from destruction's
 stream)
Wrought on his heart chords?—had one softened
 tone
Sprung from the touch to harmonize thine own?—
Have thy keen sorrows, meltingly express'd,

Found the deep fount of pity in his breast ?
Have thy entreaties, fervent, and yet mild,
(Joined by the lisplings of thine only child),
Won from his lips, a promise, to amend
His conduct as a husband, father, friend ?
Can summer's beam dissolve Maldatta's snows ?
Can tender blossoms spring, from soil where
grows

The hardy fir tree, and the tow'ring pine ?
As well might we expect the grateful vine
To yield its fruit, when noxious weeds entwine,
As e'er expect on breathing stem to find
The fruits of virtue, when sin warps the mind.
And thou, Leontine, what has been thy part ?
To blight the sweet buds of affection's heart ;
To see unmoved, slow, withering decay,
O'er the fair petals of thy flow'ret play.
To mark the tendril, which in Love's young
spring,

Thou vow'dst to shelter, as with angel's wing,
Droop, and contract,—and thou, each coming day

To know it withered for one cheering ray
To animate its stem — and yet, oh ! yet,
Thou lett'st the foul fang of this mildew set.

* * * * *

Why, my dear sister art thou weeping so ?
See'st not my spirit tempered to the blow,
Thus levelled at me by the hand of death ?
Not only meekly shall I yield my breath
To him who gave it — but shall bless the blow
Which lays my breaking heart and sorrows low.
Thou know'st my Mary, how, in joy elate,
I dwelt upon the beauty of the wedded state,
And how unceasingly my spirit strove,
To keep still bright the flick'ring lamp of love,
And when launched on the surges of life's sea
My bark still braved the billows joyously,
Whilst hope sustained it — but, that fatal blast,
Which wrenched the moorings by the syren cast
Drifted the vessel — and each coming wave
Now yawns to bury in a cheerless grave.
My child, my infant bud now blossoming,

May in her Father's bosom find the spring
Of heaven born pity ; and her riper years
May soothe his anguish, when the flowing tears
Of sorrow stream ; for oh ! remorse *will* come
When rests my head within the silent tomb.
Shew him my grave-place, and there upon my bed
Be the sweet unction of his pity shed.
This from my tomb, in exhaled worth shall rise
The heart's best incense — sorrow's sacrifice.
Farewell — farewell, the joyful time draws near
Which frees my spirit, and which dries each tear.
Yes, now I *shall* be happy ! and those dreams
Of fadeless beauty — and bright cheering beams
Will *now* be realized ; and oh ! each ray
Will not be fleeting as a summer's day,
But changeless, lasting, for there cannot come
Shadows and sorrows in our heavenly home.

THE TITLE PAGE.

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LINES FOR THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.  
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The first leaf of a book, sometimes,
Is termed the "Title Page,"
And tells, if prose, blank verse, or rhymes
The other parts engage;
And by mere name, 'tis often thought
To be a pleasant book,
So with the title fairly caught
We further turn to look.

Where shall I find the magic words
To grace *this* title page?
What best with *truth*, and *taste* accords,
The reader to engage.

Say, shall I err if I declare,
 Within this book's combined
The tributes of the young and fair,
 With off'rings of the mind ?

That 'midst its leaves bright flowers will spring,
 Fresh, as if newly blown ;
Whilst mem'ry o'er each bud will fling,
 A fragrance all its own :
A sweetness that will aye reveal
 Fond feelings to the heart,
And to the friend, the thoughts will steal
 Though separate — apart.

Landscapes, whose view perhaps reminds,
 Of some far happy place,
Which the glad eye in absence finds,
 A pleasure to retrace.
These, with a graceful form or two,
 With faces fair as Eves',
Are all, that I dare promise you,
 Within the Album leaves.

THE RED INDIAN.

WRITTEN ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE
WIGWAMS OF THE NATIVES BEING DESTROYED IN
THE BACK WOODS OF AMERICA.

THE red man wails, his spirit weeps,
His fiercest passions swell,
His thoughts in deepest dye he steeps,
And stamps them with a yell.
The Indian comes in peace to seek
Where late his wigwam stood ;
'Twas felled—and deeper glows his cheek,
Whilst vengeance fires his blood.

He grasps his tomah, strings his bow,
And fearful looks his ire ;
His teeth are clenched, his eye balls glow
With more than mortal fire.—

His *home* was midst the trackless wild,
And from his earliest year,
He roamed that forest's fearless child,
And knew each wild beast's lair.

'Twas there he learnt the warwhoop cry —
There first his keen blade drew
The elk's warm blood — there 'neath his eye
The tow'ring pine tree grew.
'Twas there, his boy so fiercely brave,
A British scalp had won;
There too, his wife slept in her grave,
Scooped by their only son.

His leafy dwelling crowned by trees,
With flood coeval — pine and oak;
The native now, with phrenzy sees
Has shared the white man's stroke.
The Indian cursed — oh! deeply cursed
Each author of his woe!
And fearful thoughts his bosom nursed
Against each pale-faced foe.

" Bring here my weapons ! — let me clasp
" The deadliest to my heart ;
" My hand were trait'rous should it grasp
" Aught that would fail its part.
" My rifle, trusty comrade ! — now
" Fail not in my great need —
" My knife ! scalp thou each pallid brow,
" And glut thee on the deed.

" Here, here, within this very wild
" Once more my home *shall* rise
" Here too, I'll teach my freeborn .
" His birthright's *sed* to prize.
" My kinsmen will extol my name,
" And the great Spirit bless,
" When known how I uphold our cl
" To nature's wilderness !

THE END.

J. WHITTINGHAM, PRINTER, SOUTHWELL.

ERRATA.

Page	6,	line	16,	for beauty	read beauty.
—	25,	—	9,	— counsel	— council.
—	28,	—	4,	erase the word mis,	
—	34,	—	4,	for council	read counsel.
—	155,	—	6,	— now	— how.
—	179,	—	2,	— her	— your.
—	190,	—	8,	— vengeance	— vengeance.

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